This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Sans Changer

600069932Z

600069932Z

My Daughter Marjorie.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE.

My Daughter Marjorie.

(17TH CENTUARY).

" Ne in her ſpeech, ne in her 'haviour
" Was lightneſs ſeen, or looſe vainitie,
" But gracious womanhood, and gravitie
" Above the reaſon of her youthlie years."

E. S.

B. B.

Imprinted for SAUNDERS, OTLEY, & Co.
66 *Brook Street, Hanover Square,*
In the City of *Weſtminſter.*
1861.

250 . g . 17.

BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

My Daughter *Marjorie.*

THE GROVE.

HOW kind a friend, and judicious a counſellor Sir *Thomas Genille* hath alway proved himſelf! After a day of much buſineſs with the ſteward, I feel my head, as it were, bewildered; but after twice as difficult a matter to conſider, and perchance ſix times as long calcu- May 12.

May 12. calculations of tithes and tenants, with Sir *Thomas*—he ſo mingleth gay thought with graver matter, ſweet temper with vexatious cares, that methinks I am more refreſhed than wearied, and ofttimes minded of the name given him by young and old, far and near "The "Gentle *Genille*." Certain it is, that to look upon his pale, dark face, and large, though graceful frame, the name would not ſuggeſt itſelf, until thoſe endearing qualities known only by long and intimate friendſhip, diſplay themſelves to the heart. And on this, as on *all* occaſions, I feel mine honoured

May 12.

honoured huſband proved his ſound judgment and penetration, in deſiring of Sir *Thomas* (his once pupil, and ſince tried friend) that he ſhould act as guardian to his wife and child. Many might imagine, only hearing of his age, which is thirty (five years my own junior), that he was young for ſo reſponſible an office; but ſurely the deſire to do that which is right may be as earneſt, and the love of our Lord as ſtrong, in a young as an old man, and charity as ofttimes exemplified in a ſhort life, as prolonged days. And ſo I am ſure it is with "the

"Gentle

May 12. "Gentle *Genille.*" Would that ſo deſirable a young man, might ſeek the hand of my daughter *Marjorie!* Methought today, when he and Miſtreſs *Genille* were holding converſe with me, ſhe entered the room, her ſweet face, glowing with modeſty and health — her ſimple robe ſo well arranged, and the quiet and even dignified manner, which appeareth ſtrange in one ſo young,—he muſt have felt her to be a ſingularly pleaſing child, nay, he even expreſſed as much by his manner, when good old Miſtreſs *Genille*, after kiſſing the girl's freſh face, ſaid unto me, "Thou

May 12.

"Thou art much favoured, Mis-
"treſs *Bracebridge*, to have ſo
"fair a flower to bloom alone in
"thy heart!"

Sir *Thomas*, with ſomewhat of a ſigh, and after looking for a moment at her, ſaid,

"Sweet *Marjorie!* methinks
"becometh more like unto her
"mother every day — how pro-
"greſſeth the Latin?"

And ſo ſent the poor child off with a bluſh, for ſhe knew not that I had acquainted him of her endeavours to continue thoſe uſeful ſtudies, which he ſo kindly inſtructed her of, three years ago, when

May 12. when under the motherly care of his aunt, Miſtreſs *Genille* — and perchance thought he might believe her mind to be completely occupied with her three pets, and conſtant companions, the brace of hounds, and the horſe, which her couſin *Edgar* gave her, which ſhe is ſo fond of; but which I like as little as his profane and heatheniſh name of "*Lucifer*." But *Edgar* ſaith, "it hath carried "him well, through many a "bloody fray and hazardous ſkir-"miſh, and he truſts it with ſo "precious a burden as ſweet "*Marjorie*, as he often hath his "own

May 12.

"own life." And ſo I am fain to be content, e'en though with "my heart in my mouth," as the ſaying is, for of a ſuretie "*Luci-*"*fer*" always ſeemeth as though ſome imaginary foe obliged him to fight or fly!

But it ſuiteth not for old folk to endeavour to temper young and fearleſs minds with the caution ariſing from a timid nature and weakened health. And ſo I ride quietly by the ſide of, or follow after, my brave gay *Marjorie*, on the ſteady gentle creature which my huſband had right carefully kept, and trained for me.

Surely,

May 12. Surely, were I not ſo ſadly nervous, theſe rides with my daughter *Marjorie*, and our conſtant eſcort *Edgar*, would be mighty pleaſant things, for the company of the young is truly a refreſhment, eſpecially when it is of thoſe we love: and *Edgar* is a well-informed young man, of good parts; and having ſeen ſome ſervice (in thoſe fearful ſtruggles which even now deform this country, and render deſolate its happieſt homes), he ofttimes relateth anecdotes of ſtirring ſpirits now at reſt, and telleth us of thoſe good men who ſerved their country

May 12.

country beſt, firſt by endeavouring to promote peace, and, when their efforts proved vain, by ſhedding their blood in defence of their king and his crown.

And ſo he paſſeth the time in pleaſant diſcourſe—which I truſt is of benefit to both myſelf, and *Marjorie.* And as he gains health and ſtrength of body, I hope the time is rendered leſs irkſome to the young man by the preſence of her, who has always been to him and loved him as a ſiſter; and in this illneſs reſulting from his too long neglected wound, hath ſhewn much patient care

May 12. care and gentle thought for him, and evidenced a regard for thoſe precepts of Miſtreſs *Genille*, which is pleaſing to ſee, and very winning to a ſufferer. Poor *Edgar* ſaith that this houſe is more like home to him than his own lonely hall, where there are none to welcome him, ſave *Banquo* and old *Blount*. I ofttimes wonder, that from among the many faire dames he muſt have ſeen in the famous city of London, that he hath never brought a wife to cheer his ſolitude at Alton. But when I have ventured (being of a mature age, and his mother's ſiſter)

ſiſter) to hint gaily of this matter, he ofttimes laugheth merrilie, ſaying, "Peace, Miſtreſs *Brace-*
"*bridge*, peace! how know you
"that ſhe is not already choſen?
"When need is higheſt, help is
"nigheſt. But are you certifyed
"that my need is at its higheſt?
"and that I want a city dame to
"queen it over me and Alton?

"Sooth to ſay, dear aunt, I
"am only too content to be with
"you and this mad couſin of
"mine, ſweet *Marjorie!*"

And ſo puts me to ſilence.

I feel my heart much drawn to the young man, eſpecially for one reaſon,

May 12.

May 12. reaſon, the ſimplicity of which only a mother's heart would ſee or underſtand—he is ſo thoughtful for, and tender of, my daughter *Marjorie*. And ofttimes I ſee a look ſteal over his pale delicate young face, as his eyes reſt upon her, which minds me of a look I knew and loved in mine honoured huſband's noble countenance—more eſpecially on one occaſion long ago, (though it ſeems but yeſterday!) when our then *little* daughter *Marjorie*, having committed an offence for the which both mine huſband, Maſter *Bracebridge*, and myſelf felt

felt that ſhe needed chiding. After we had held counſel together reſpecting the nature of the reproof, we opined that as the fault had been a grave one, correction ſhould be from the hand of her father. And even as we ſpoke, we heard the pattering of little feet in the gallery —and a knock came gently to the door, which being opened, revealed *Marjorie*, penitent, and weeping bitterly, as with many ſobs, ſhe eſſayed almoſt in vain, to confeſs her fault, and humbly entreat our pardon for the ſame. My own heart failed me as I looked

May 12.

May 12. looked at the innocent child, who perchance at four years old understood not the depth or naughtiness of her offence. And on my husband's face I saw the gentle, tender look to which I allude, as taking her by the hand he said, "And art thou sincerely grieved "for thy fault, my little one? "Then be of good cheer; as thou "hast confessed it openly to thy "mother and myself, thou art "freely forgiven, and we will "endeavour never to think of it "again:" and then brought her to me for a kiss, as the sign of entire reconciliation; and laying his

his hand on her head as ſhe leaned againſt my knee, ſaid (and methought with a moiſture in his eye), "Surely wife, if needs muſt, "we will hire ſome one, of ſterner "ſtuff than you or I, to correct "this little one for us; for her "father could never bear to lay "his hand with aught heavier "than a bleſſing on her little "curly head."

May 12.

And ſo, when I ſee the look on *Edgar*'s face which minds me of that time, my heart ſoftens unto him, as it doth to everything likened unto *Roger*. My loved, mine honoured huſband! reverenced

May 12. renced now as then, and loved as truly,— but methinks if poſſible with intenſer devotion,— then it was happineſs unequalled to ſee him, hear him, be with him, his conſtant friend, and companion; to look up to him with reſpect, and obey him with the deepeſt love. But *now*, ſurely there is more than this, more joy; for he appeareth to me, as it were, to have gone to ſome diſtant land, where he waiteth for me—where I ſhall ſoon rejoin him, and where, oh! Father of Mercies! thou haſt granted unto me the bleſſed hope of an eternal re-union.

Much

May 13.

Much haraſſed to-day with the pertinacity of *Aſkew* the ſteward reſpecting old *Phœbe*'s cottage. He ſaith that as the poor dame is now unable to pay rent, it is unſeemly for her to occupy ſo good a dwelling, "more eſpeci-
"ally in theſe times, when all,
"no matter their degree, are
"called upon to ſupport king,
"or country, one or both; and
"that which is not given freely
"is taken forcibly." I told him that my mind was to allow the poor woman to continue in it the remainder of her life, and I know that I ſhall lack no differ-

May 13. ence; *Aſkew* ſhewed a ſulky temper thereat, but *Roger* would have had it ſo, and to pleaſure him, I fear no man's frown.

Methinks *Aſkew* beareth *Phœbe* a grudge ſince my daughter *Marjorie* hath arranged for her to have as much as ſhe needeth.

Sir *Thomas* remained to the mid-day meal, and after much pleaſant diſcourſe, we all, that is to ſay, myſelf, *Marjorie*, and *Edgar*, rode alongſide of him, to ſee Miſtreſs *Genille*, who welcomed us kindly, and gave us the refreſhment of Syllabub, ſweet cakes, and other good things, which

which *Marjorie* affirmeth are "ſweeter there, than elſewhere." Sir *Thomas* appeared in marvellous good eſtate, and ſhone to much advantage: he is always kind, and hath an unſelfiſh conſideration for others rather than himſelf,—and when we ſtarted on our return home, (the diſtance being ſomewhat lengthy,) he amuſed and gratified us by ſaying "that as we had accompanied "him to the *Court*, ſo would he "convey us to the *Grove*." May 13.

And ſo rode patiently by my ſide, while *Marjorie* and *Edgar* galloped off at that ſpeed which is

May 13. is to me, frightful;—but Sir *Thomas* beguiled the way with ſuch quiet pleaſant converſe, that I was in no wiſe weary with the exerciſe, and begged him to remain ſupper. And *Marjorie* with a timid bluſh added her voice to mine, but he replyed merrily, "No, no, my daintie *Marjorie*, "leſt in the rapid changes which "have taken place to-day I might "become confuſed, and ſo believ-"ing all here mine, ne'er wiſh to "ſay farewell."

And ſo rode off, we ſtood watching the retreating figure ſilently, until it appeared but

a

May 13.

a phantom in the evening gloom.

Methought he glanced at me when he ſaid "mine," as though he would beſpeak my goodwill, and interceſſion for him with *Marjorie*, and ſurely he ſhall have it when needed, though methinks "the gentle *Genille*" ſhould not be faint-hearted, or fear to ſue in vain; though, ſooth to ſay, I underſtand not how *Marjorie* is affected towards his company. *Edgar* ſeemed grave and ill at eaſe to-day, he appeareth not to value the ſocietie of Sir *Thomas* and Miſtreſs *Genille;* and if it were

May 13. were poſſible with one generally of ſo even a temper, might be thought moroſe: but *Marjorie* hath always the power to win him back to ſmiles and drive away the evil ſpirit, which ſuiteth ill on one ſo young.

Can he have aught that troubleth his mind which I am unacquainted of?

Sometimes, as on this eve, when we ſtood upon the terrace watching the departure of Sir *Thomas*; I ſaw him gaze earneſtly at *Marjorie*, and then turn him away with ſo ſorrowful a countenance, and methought I heard him ſigh as

as it were unto himſelf, "*Poor Marjorie!*" I felt a fluttering at my heart, though I knew not why. But wherefore ſhould he have ſaid "*Poor Marjorie.*" Surely there was nought to excite compaſſion in the ſlight, buoyant young figure, and gay ſmile, that he was regarding ſo earneſtly, therefore I ſaid ſoftly to him, "wherefore *poor*, dear *Edgar?*" He looked at me as though he were awakening from a dream, then, after a minute, ſaid, ſlowly and with a ſad ſmile, "An inva-
"lid's diſtempered brain, dear
"*Aunt*, is alway poor, lacking
"that

May 13.

May 13. "that brighteſt of all treaſures, "hope."—And ſo left us, without another word—and I underſtand him not. Surely I am very weak, for it hath made me feel timorous leſt ſome evil ſhould attack my child; and though I have juſt now ſtolen to her room, and ſeen that ſhe is ſleeping peacefully with the glow of health upon her cheek, my heart riſes to my lips, as I pray the Father of all Mercies to guard us through the hours of darkneſs, and to bleſs my daughter *Marjorie.*

May 15. Awakened this morning by hearing

May 15.

hearing *Marjorie* ſinging gaily 'neath my window, as ſhe walked in the *Pleaſaunce.* She hath a ſweet voice, and toucheth the virginals with much ſkill, and is very apt in the ſtill room. She affirmeth there will be a superabundance of marygolds for curing in the fall, which is well.

Old *Phœbe* aſked alms at the buttery door this morning, and alſo begged ſome eye-water, (made after a receipe of mine own,) compoſed of the dew ſhaken off many ſavoury herbs e'er the ſun hath reached them, with an infuſion of lavender knapps. I gave it her

May 15. her right willingly, for it is of a cooling nature, and beneficial to the ſight.

Aſkew hath again had ſpeech of me reſpecting the Martinmas beef. He ſeemeth mightily afeared, that we may give to others more than can be ſpared. I have ſaid to him, and with ſomewhat of aſperity, that it behoveth him to take more heed to the folds this ſeaſon, in order that we may have double as much to place in ſalt as laſt fall —then ſhall we have enough for ourſelves, and to give to thoſe who need without grudging. It grieveth

grieveth me to ſee that *Marjorie* affecteth much the reading of "The Faery Queen" by one named "*Spenſer:*" a fooliſh book, belonging to Sir *Thomas*. Will aſk him to recall his loan. Methinks it is fitter for young maidens to attend to the converſe of their elders, and mind their tapeſtry work. But my daughter *Marjorie* is diligent in all things, and I ſeldom ſee her equal in the gentleneſs of her temper, or obedience to me—and the child hath mighty winning ways. Will let her keep the book a ſhort ſpace longer.

May 15.

Miſtreſs

May 15. Miſtreſs *Genille* hath invited us to paſs ſome days at the *Court*, which delighteth us greatly—ſhe being a true *Chriſtian*, who uſeth hoſpitality with love to all, more eſpecially to my daughter *Marjorie*, whom, ſhe ſaith, is to her as her own child, having ſpent ſo long a time in her houſe and under her guidance; which hath been of great benefit to *Marjorie*. Miſtreſs *Genille* ſaith to me, "The little fatherleſs "child creeped into the warmeſt "corner of my heart, and hath "never been removed."

Marjorie's

Marjorie's ſixteenth birthday. May 20.

And the fifth anniverſary of the day on which mine honoured huſband, *Roger Bracebridge*, left us for that reſt, for the which he was ſo well prepared.

Methinks it is not well for a mother to be ſeparated from her child for a continuance on any pretext: and in that dark lonely dream ſucceeding *Roger*'s death, my little child would have been as a ray of light unto me;—but in this, perchance, I am ſelfiſh, for it ſurelie was of more benefit to her to be under the motherly care of Miſtreſs *Genille* than with

me

May 20. me—hurried from place to place for two long weary years, in the vain hope of leaving that ſorrow behind, which I carried in the innermoſt receſſes of my heart. Until my kind, though miſtaken friends ſaw that my earneſt deſire to return to our home (where I might in ſome meaſure ſupply his place among thoſe he loved, and for whoſe welfare he ſo greatly cared,) was beſt, both for mind and body. And ſo I returned, to find my child a companion, a care, and a bleſſing; and I humbly truſt that in doing my duty to our people, and

May 20.

and in becoming in ſome meaſure acquainted with my poor, eſtranged *Marjorie*, that I have acted in a ſeemly and diſcreet manner, and as is pleaſing unto *Roger*.

Truly hath it been a great care to one ſo faint of heart as myſelf, in theſe perilous times, to keep clear of all parties, without affecting ſhame of that which our conſciences inſtruct us of to be right, or a ſervile fear in that which is wrong. And in this I have been aſſiſted by Sir *Thomas*, and Miſtreſs *Genille*.

Truly *Roger* was a diſcreet man,

May 20. man, of a mild and gentle nature, having had much experience of the cares and troubles of the great world, in which he ſometime ſojourned! and he hath on many occaſions related to me incidents, paſſing ſtrange, both in the court, and in the field, which filled my ſimple mind with wonder, or my very heart with terror!

May 25. Roſe betimes this morning — having much to accompliſh before the hour of our departure. Have great fear reſpecting the wandering bands of ſoldiery.

Feel

Feel much at leaving home, it being the firſt time that we have layne abroad ſince my return. May 25.

Have adviſed *Aſkew* of our propoſed journey, and told him to gather the men together, and ſee they be well armed; our eſcort now ſeeming very inferior to that to which I was accuſtomed when firſt Maſter *Bracebridge* made me his wife; he being at that time ſheriff, had forty liveried ſervants, every one clad in green ſatin doublets, beſide thoſe ſent by his friends and kinsfolk, but ſuch-like vanities ſuit not a young and loneſome woman.

May 25. Have diſpenſed ſtores for the houſehold during my abſence, and admoniſhed *Aſkew* to obſerve a liberal hand toward thoſe who may crave alms at the gate.

GENILLE COURT.

HOW ſweet a place is this! All ſo freſh and clean, that, notwithſtanding its grandeur and magnificence, is home-like; it hath even a gay neatneſs which mindeth me of Miſtreſs *Genille* herſelf. Everything looking and ſmelling of freſh ayre and ſweet breezie ſpring mornings. The furniture even of the ſtate rooms, which open on

May 26.

May 26. on the picture gallery, hath a mixture of gay colours, ſubſtantial make, mighty well faſhioned, —which again mindeth me of its miſtreſs, who although ſhe hath ſeen nigh upon ſeventy ſummers, with much ſorrow and much care, ſtill ſheweth the fair face and innocent ſmile becoming youth, with clear eyes, which inſpire confidence, and teach the beholder a loving, child-like truſt. And over all that Miſtreſs *Genille* doeth or ſaith, there is, as in her houſe and furniture, a ſweet conformity.

Sir *Thomas* ſheweth wondrous love

love for her, more like the tenderneſs of a lover toward his miſtreſs, than the attention of a young man to an aged relative, and mindeth me in this reſpect of my huſband, Maſter *Roger*. May 26.

Roſe this morning at four of the clock, after ſaying of my prayers, deſcended to the oaken parlour, where the morning meal is uſually ſpread. And there to my ſurpriſe diſcovered Sir *Thomas* ſitting reading a diſpatch (which had juſt arrived) with an anxious face and ruffled brow—it being from Prince *Rupert*, to adviſe him May 29.

May 29. him of riſings in ſeveral parts of the kingdom, and to ſolicit his aid once more.

I fear me much that theſe revolts among the diſaffected may bring ſorrow to our very hearth-ſtones. Sir *Thomas* ſpoke gravely of gathering together thoſe from among our own people, who after ſo ſhort a reſpite, may again be willing to bear arms. I feared to hear him ſpeak, leſt the time of departure ſhould be named, for we are loneſome here, and I greatly dread the coming ſtruggle.

Marjorie hath little ſympathie with

with me in theſe timorous fears, and appeareth to grieve moſt for *Edgar*, who cannot as yet ſupport the neceſſary exertion. May 29.

Methought perchance a better feeling would ariſe in the hearts of the young men toward each other, as *Edgar*'s troop will unite with that of Sir *Thomas*, and ſo march together, to rally round the tattered ſtandard of the king.

Strange accounts reach even unto theſe ſecluded parts, how bands of ſoldiers of either party, infeſt the roads, attacking peaceable perſons and defenceleſs women, robbing them of their valuables,

May 29. valuables, beſides taking away the horſes from their coaches, for the ſervice of the army, leaving their owners bewildered on the highway. Much is ſaid of this *Cromwell*, who appeareth to be raiſed by the Lord as an inſtrument either for good or ill, as the paſſions of men may make him. And yet, from all we hear, he appeareth a godly man, who much reſtraineth the licenſe of the ſoldiery. It is ſaid by thoſe who have been in his company, that although of a comely preſence and quiet aſpect, when angered, he becometh terrible

to

to behold, and his countenance gloweth like fire, ſo that none may gainſay him; nay, even that General *Fairfax* is as nought unto him! May 29.

What is it that I have to record? May 30.

Surely in what have I ſinned, that this trouble hath fallen upon me?

Oh, *Roger*, *Roger!* Huſband of my heart, huſband of my life! canſt thou ſee, doeſt thou know it was not of my ſeeking!

Shame though it be, let me recollect that which hath happened.

When

May 30. When ſeated at the early meal, about ſix of the clock, there being preſent, Miſtreſs *Genille*, *Marjorie*, Sir *Thomas* and myſelf, Sir *Thomas* told unto us how he purpoſed ſtarting on the morrow at noon, to march toward *Colcheſter*, there to join Prince *Rupert* and his cavaliers, at which we all ſorrowed deeply. I fear me that *Marjorie* was the exception, for her face fluſhed ſtrangely, though ſhe ſaid not a word, and methinks it appeareth unſeemly that ſhe hath been riding on "*Lucifer*" all day, with only old *Blount* and the hounds, when Sir *Thomas* leaveth

leaveth ſo ſoon, for that, which, perchance, is death. Miſtreſs *Genille* hath aſked once or twice, "If that *poor* child hath returned?" When I ſaid nay, for the ſecond time, I added, "Surely, "dear friend, though youth may "not always ſympathize with us "in our ſorrows, as we might "ſometime wiſh, ought we not "rather to rejoice than grieve, "that they have the power to "caſt trouble aſide, by trifling "enjoyments which ſuit not "with graver years," for I feared leſt ſhe thought poor *Marjorie* ungrateful in abſenting herſelf from

May 30.

May 30. from the houſe, when the maſter, and her kind friend, was about to march upon the morrow. But the old lady looking kindly at me, ſaid, "Never fear, Miſtreſs "*Bracebridge*, that I ſhould grudge "any pleaſure to our *poor Mar-* "*jorie*, may God bleſs and keep "the child from thoſe who would, "e'en unwittingly, lay grief upon "her," and ſo turned away, muttering to herſelf, as is her wont, "Blind! blind! blind!"

It oftimes maketh me feel ſad to hear her, when I wot not of her meaning; and ſo I returned to the parlour, and worked at my

my tapeſtry frame, pondering much on the words of Miſtreſs *Genille*. When Sir *Thomas* entered the room and looked at my flowers, which he hath ofttimes praiſed, but to-day he took not much note of the progreſs I had made, but ſaid, May 30.

"It is ſomewhat ſad to leave "thoſe we love, our houſehold "treaſures, and our happy homes, "to fight againſt our countrymen "—our brothers as it were— "and, perchance, fall ignorantly "by a hand which, an hour be- "fore, has been claſped in our "own. Surely theſe civil wars "are

May 30. "are the bitterest scourge in the "Almighty's hand!"

And following the bent of my own thoughts, I said aloud, "and "at such times, how useless wo- "men are, they can do nought "but sit at home and tremble for "themselves, while they weep and "pray for others." He looked at me quickly, and said, "and "what more powerful weapon "can there be than the prayer of "faith?" And before I knew what he would, he had taken my hand, exclaiming, "Oh! Mistress "*Bracebridge*, I need not ask you "to recollect me, to think of "me,

May 30.

"me, but I do aſk you to uſe "that weapon in my behalf, in "behalf of all thoſe who go "with me, aye, and in behalf of "thoſe who go againſt me alſo."

I felt ſomewhat ſurpriſed at the vehemence of his uſually quiet manner, and endeavouring to withdraw my hand, ſaid, "Surely we pray daily, hourly, "for thoſe we love as a pleaſure, "and it is one of our Chriſtian "duties to pray for our enemies; "and, perhaps," I added gaily, ſtill endeavouring to releaſe my hand, "perhaps, I may not have time "to work theſe laurels, which I have

May 30. "have promiſed; e'er your ſafe "and glad return." He looked ſteadily at me with his dark melancholy eyes, and his face was very white, as holding my hand in both of his, ſo firmly that I could not move a finger, he ſaid,

"Miſtreſs *Bracebridge*, life, "liberty, or fame, are nought "unto me without this hand "which I now have, for my own; "to guard and keep it as my "greateſt treaſure, and to hold it "claſped in mine through life, "even to the grave."

I know not what my face ex-

preſſed

May 30.

preſſed of ſhame and horror, but his altered ſtrangelie, becoming like unto ſtone, as ſpringing from my chair I gaſped rather than ſaid, "Sir *Thomas*, do you forget "that I am the wife of Maſter "*Roger Bracebridge?*" Then ſinking down again, I buried my face in my hands, weeping bitterlie, I know not how long, and forgetting even the preſence of Sir *Thomas* until I heard him ſay in a low voice, "Hear me "but this once in my own de- "fence, Miſtreſs *Bracebridge*, and "forgive me if I touch upon "ſome wounds, which I now

May 30. " perceive are ſtill freſh. Five
" years ago, my honoured friend
" *Roger Bracebridge* died, leaving
" his wife and child to my care.
" How I have fulfilled the truſt,
" you and *Marjorie* know. In
" the ſight of God I have done
" that which I believed to be
" right and true. But, during
" that five years I have learned
" to love, none can tell how
" deeply! And for ſome time
" paſt my dream of happineſs
" has been the hope of calling
" you my wife. Believing that
" time had ſoftened your grief,
" and that together we might act
" in

May 30.

"in accordance with your late "huſband's wiſhes—promote the "welfare of your child, and in "all things do honour to the "memory of the dead.

"But I ſee this is not to be; and," he continued, taking my hand for the laſt time, and ſlightly ſmiling as I tried to prevent him, he ſaid, "never fear dear Miſtreſs "*Bracebridge* that I ſhould urge "you to become my wife againſt "your will. My dream is now "over, and you have awakened "me to the reality of a lonely "home and loveleſs life, with "none to ſympathiſe with me

"while

May 30. "while living, and none to regret "me when dead. My old friend "*Roger Bracebridge* gave me "many a uſeful leſſon, but you "his wife, have given me one "which I ſhall never forget, and "for which, even in my grief, I "thank you; and it is this— "that no man knows the depth, "and faithfulneſs, and love, of a "woman's heart," and ſo he kiſſed my hand and left the room. But I remained ſtill weeping, ſtill bewildered, ſtill ſurpriſed and ſhocked, for truly I had believed this young man would be a friend unto me, conſidering me as an elder

elder woman, ſeeing how very much older a woman appeareth in compariſon of a man, even though they may be nigh upon the ſame age of years. And in my innermoſt heart, I hoped that he would look with a favourable eye upon my daughter *Marjorie*— but that which ſorroweth me, more than all, is ſeeing that any-one could think I had even for a day forgotten *Roger*, my deeply loved huſband. I ſee now, for the firſt time, that others look upon him as *dead*, while to me he is but *abſent* for a time. Am I not waiting to rejoin him? Have

May 30.

May 30. Have I not been waiting patiently theſe five long years, until my taſk on earth is done? Then will my heavenly father call me hence to be once more with *Roger!* Has not my life, ſince firſt I knew him, been one dream of *Roger?* Is not the earlieſt word upon my lips at morn, the laſt upon my lips at night, *Roger?* Am I not always watching, hoping, working, wearying for *Roger?* And ſhall another dare to think of ſtepping in between, and weaning me from *Roger*, teaching me to forget even that which I have left—his honoured name?

name? Surely thoſe words by which we pledge our hearts and hands, in the ſight of God and men, cannot apply unto the body only; no, of a ſuretie, thoſe whom God hath joined together, no one, and nothing, can ever ſeparate. Neither time or ſpace, or friend or foe, can ever come 'twixt me and *Roger!* May 30.

Our breakfaſt this morning appeared a melancholy repaſt, as did alſo the mid-day meal, at which methought *Marjorie* had never looked prettier or fairer! *Edgar* being here, talk- June 1.

ing

June 1. ing much to her of The *Grove*, how *Phœbe* and *Aſkew* progreſs, and of other matters intereſting unto her, had brought ſo ſweet a colour to her cheeks, that methought they even put to ſhame the cherry-coloured ſhoulder-knotts, which ſhe ſo much affecteth! Her bright ſilky brown hair with its threads of waving gold, minded me of the imagination which I have of angels! And truelie, her large blue eyes appear more fitted to gaze on heaven than on earth!

But to-day there ſeemed more of excitement in manner than is her

her wont, ofttimes laughing merrilie where all were ſad, ſave ſhe and *Edgar*, whome ſhe greatly compaſſioneth for being forced to remain at home.

June 1.

We talked gravely, as thoſe about to part for an uncertain time, and it grieved me ſore that Sir *Thomas* ne'er turned his face toward me, but held converſe chiefeſt with Miſtreſs *Genille*, with a face ſo pale and unmoved, that it was as marble! He only looked at me once, when I had commented how brave and noble a quality was courage! When he turned toward me and ſaid,

"I

June 1. "I have no pretenſion to that "quality; whilſt in actual ſtrife, I "believe it to be my devoir to "ſmite, and ſpare not! but after-"ward I can only ſtill my con-"ſcience by reflecting that I my-"ſelf would be grateful to the "hand that ſhould ſo open to "me a way to peace, the only "peace which is to be found."

Mine eyes filled with tears as he looked ſo ſorrowful, repeating, "The only peace which is to be "found:" and I ſaw that poor Miſtreſs *Genille* had poſſeſſed herſelf of his hand, holding it in both of hers, as though nothing

thing ſhould ever part them more; even *Marjorie*'s gay face turned white for a moment, but only to fluſh brighter than beſore.—Towards four of the clock, *Edgar*'s men, to the number of ſixty, were gathered in the courtyard with thoſe of Sir *Thomas* to a greater number, though I know not how many, and we all ſtood in the hall to ſay farewell. Poor Miſtreſs *Genille* weeped ſo bitterly that all her efforts at ſpeech were merged in one loving, "God "bleſs you, my boy;" then Sir *Thomas* with his uſual kind and gentle courteſie, having ſhaken hands

June 1.

June 1. hands with *Edgar*, turned to me, ſaying in a low voice, "Farewell, "dear friend. Thou wilt not "grieve at my return if heaven "ſo wills it." I could only preſs his hand for anſwer, as he turned away with an effort at cheerfulneſs ſaying unto *Marjorie*, "Haſt "thou no love token for me, "ſweet *Marjorie*, to place in my "belt and carry through the "thickeſt of the fray?" *Marjorie* ſmiling brightlie gave unto him a little bunch of daſies tied with one of the cherrie-coloured ribbons which ſhe had worn in her breaſt all day, and ſaid, "Take "heed

June 1.

"heed that they are carried where "only a love gift ſhould go;" and ſo he mounted his horſe, old *Blounte*, who had arrived with *Edgar*, holding his ſtirrup. I ſaw him ſtoop as he gathered the reins in his hand, ſaying to *Ralph*, "What, no word of farewell for "me?" but no anſwer was returned, for the poor man was ſhading his face with his hand, to hide the tears which ran through the trembling old fingers.

Then Sir *Thomas* with uncovered head, turned toward us all for a moment ere riding away, and there aroſe one mighty ſhout from

June 1. from all aſſembled there, as though they were but one man, ſo ſimultaneous was it, of "God "preſerve the Gentle *Genille*." Again and again, and yet again was it repeated, each time louder than before, until I found myſelf repeating aloud, "God preſerve "thee, Gentle *Genille*," when my attention was attracted by a ſound near me, and looking quickly round, I perceived *Marjorie* my child falling white and ſenſeleſs to the ground in a heap, as though ſhe would never look up again. *Edgar*, near whome ſhe was ſtanding, raiſed her in his arms in a moment,

moment and bore her to my chamber, where ſhe now lieth; it was ſome time ere ſhe recovered, and then but ſlowly, we all ſtanding round her bed gazing at the pale face ſo altered ſince the morning. On opening her eyes ſhe held out her hand to *Edgar*, who would not be driven from the room; and ſhe is now quietlie ſleeping while I write by her bedſide, where I purpoſe remaining all night, for I cannot judge of the cauſe of her diſorder, it appearing mighty ſtrange to me, ſeeing that ſhe hath never been ſubject to aught of the kind beforetime.

June 1.

Miſtreſs

June 1. Miſtreſs *Genille*, who is wiſe in ſuch-like matters, hath ordered *Marjorie* a poſſet to be taken when ſhe awakes, and hath but now leaved the room, muttering again, "Oh! blind, blind, blind!"

I wiſh ſhe would not, it maketh me feel ſo ſorrowful, as though I doubted even of the mercy of God, and put not my truſt in Him!

This little illneſs of *Marjorie*'s hath drawn my heart, if poſſible, ſtill cloſer to my child; for the firſt moment when I ſaw her lying as though dead in *Edgar*'s arms, I bethought me that ſhe was

was ſo; and then I knew how dear ſhe was unto me; and ſtraightway it flaſhed acroſs my mind, that perchance in grieving after *Roger*, and thinking only of pleaſing him, I had honoured the creature more than the Creator; and that He who tried to win my heart firſt by bleſſings, ſeeing that I made unto myſelf idols of the ſame, might in His mercy withdraw thoſe I loved more than Himſelf, from me; ſo that when I had none other I might turn unto Him! But oh, Father of Mercies, ſpare me from this teaching, Thou with whom *all* things

June 1.

June 1. are poſſible, *take* my heart unto Thyſelf; teach me ſubſervience to Thy will, but oh in mercy ſpare my child; take all other things which Thou haſt lended unto me, but ſpare my daughter *Marjorie!*

June 3. *Marjorie* up and out of her chamber again, affirmeth that ſhe is "well, quite well;" but yet the child is pale, and ſheweth not her uſual vivacioufneſs of mien. She rode to-day, as is her wont: I walking through the bowling green towards the north road, ſaw her ere ſhe perceived me; for a marvel, *Lucifer* (to my great

great content) ſtepped quietlie along, looking about him like unto a dog, the bridle hanging looſe upon his neck; and poore *Marjorie* ſeated liſtleſs, with head and eyes downcaſt, even her lippes pale, buried in the deepeſt thought: perchance the ſhadow of her broad flapping hat made her countenance appear whiter, but it touched my heart to note it. As ſoon as ſhe obſerved my approach, ſhe brightened up, and giving the reins to *Blount*, ſprang from the ſaddle, and gathering up the long ſkirt, walked home with me.

June 3.

Lucifer

June 3. *Lucifer* had caſt a ſhoe, therefore in paſſing through the hamlet ſhe had ſtayed at the blackſmith's ſorge to have it replaced. The old goſſip had talked much to *Blount* reſpecting the Parliament and other matters: he is in great tribulation, at the rumour which is now ſpread abroad, that all Lieutenants of Counties have been commanded to band and organiſe militia; and he telled to *Blount* that his ſon *Will* is anxious to join, ſhould the report prove true. The lad hath long deſired to become a ſoldier, and his poore father hath deterred him

June 3.

him therefrom, by repreſenting unto him, how loneſome a caſe his mother would be in, having been bed-rid and helpleſs so long, ſhould any harm come unto him; but he is anxious, and *Marjorie* ſaid, ſhe feared determined to go. While the ſhoe was being replaced, *Marjorie* had gone to ſee the old woman, whom ſhe ſaid had weeped bitterlie, and *Marjorie*'s own bright eyes grew dim, as ſhe ſpoke of her ſorrow. After ſaying a few words of comfort and support, *Marjorie* left, followed by thanks and bleſſings. When ſhe had gone a ſhort diſtance,

June 3. tance, ſhe was overtaken by *Will*, who had run after her, ſaying, "Do ye think they'll let me go, "Miſtreſs *Marjorie?*" and when queſtioned why he was ſo bent upon it, ſaid, "he would fain "ſee a battaile, and then he could "fight for father, mother, Miſtreſs "*Marjorie* and all." *Marjorie* ſmiled much at the reaſon, and commented unto me, on how great reſponſibilitie there reſted on thoſe in authoritie, "having, as it were, ſo manie ſouls in their hand beſide their own." Methought the obſervation ſtrange from one of her years; but truelie

June 3.

I am ſometimes minded to think, that it hath pleaſed the Almighty to gift her greatlie; beyond what might be expected from her age, and far, far beyond my deſſerts. What she had ſaid ſtruck upon my mind as a leſſon to myſelf; for am I not in authoritie over her, and over my houſehold, and people? "and of all theſe things "will I require an account, ſaith "the Lord."

"We purpoſe leaving this ſweet and lovelie place to-morrow, after paying ſo long a viſit to Miſtreſs *Genille*, which ſhe hath promiſed, if ſpared ſo long, to

June 3. to return in the fall. I like not this foreign fashion of commenceing the year in January: truelie the Spring appeareth, in my humble opinion, more as the yeare's youth, than doth the time of cold frost, which is more likened unto the time of age; the time of cold days and cold hearts; while Spring hath the buoyancie of hope and youth! but truelie, *I* am not needed to settle these matters!

THE

THE GROVE.

HOME once more! how bright and gay all is! Flowers ſpringing and blooming in the parterre, and garniſhing the chambers! The servants ſeeming mighty pleaſed at our return, all hath gone well in our abſence. *Edgar* hath been here moſt days, and greeted us right joyfullie yeſterday. Our journie having been a fatigueing one, June 30.

June 30. one, inaſmuch as from the heavy rain of *Thurſday*, the roads were in ſo myrie a condition, and the ruts ſo terrible, that twice we had much difficultie in moving along at all, and *Marjorie* ſighed frequentlie that *Lucifer* had her not upon his back; but truelie, after her recent illneſs, it was too far for her to ride, for ſhe ſtill appeareth languid unto me, and reads more than is healthful. But *Edgar* and ſhe have ſo manie things to relate and ſhew unto each other, that I truſt ſhe will ſoon regain her uſual quick ſprightlineſs.

Edgar

June 30.

Edgar hath procured a beautifull greyhound puppie for her, and this morn *Bridget* hath announced that her pet cow, *May-Fly*, hath a calf, the one which *May-Fly* had laſt year having died: this is a great pleaſure unto *Marjorie*, and I could not forbear feeling gratified with *Bridget*'s anxietie that *Marjorie* ſhould know of that which would give her pleaſure; and therefore I gave her a ſilver piece, telling her to put it away as a "neſt egg," againſt the time when she is married; at which ſhe bluſhed like a girl, although ſhe is nigh upon

June 30. upon fortie, and appeared pleaſed, both with the coin and the kind word.

'I have ſometime thought, that *Aſkew* praiſed her management of the Dairie more than is neceſſarie (for I can judge theſe matters for myſelf), and more than it is his wont to praise anie, he not being much given to linger on the sunnie ſide of aught. Perchance he may be minded to marry her himſelf ſome day, for ſhe is a well to do wench, with 20*l.* of her own, as I have underſtood, in *Aſkew*'s keeping.

Marjorie hath again been out with

with *Edgar*, he ſeeming moſt happie in her companie, gentle and kind unto her; talking with her of all thoſe things in which ſhe occupieth herſelf, and telling her of thoſe of his own intereſt and purſuit. He hath been with her to the ſtill room,—ſurelie moſt wronglie named ſo, whilſt they were there; for the ſounde of youthfull merriement and laughter was borne upon the breezie wind all over the houſe, and refreſhed my heart to hear it. June 30.

Edgar is certainlie of a lovelie nature, and very dear to me: I feel much indebted to him for the

June 30. the reſtored joyſomeneſs of my daughter *Marjorie;* for all who pleaſe or gratifie her, appear as it were to render me their debtors, for a debt of gratitude, which I can ne'er repay, truelie am I ſo thankfull unto them.

To ſome amount am I glad to be away from *Genille Court:* much that was painfull had occurred there; my child's ſudden illneſs, for the which I could in no ways account, had alarmed me, and I feared that ofttimes at night there aroſe a malaria from the moat, injurious unto her; and notwithſtanding Miſtreſs *Genille*'s

Genille's great kindneſs to us, and evident love for *Marjorie*, ſhe repeated ſo frequentlie, "blind, "blind, blind!" ſometime ſadly as though unto herſelf; ſometime as though it were a warning; ſometime as though in anger, but always myſteriouſlie, that I could not help the imagination that it had reference either unto myſelf or *Marjorie*, and it ſaddened me to hearken unto the old gentlewoman. June 30.

Have been to ſee old *Phœbe*. She hath much fear of the peſtilence, which ſhe hath heard is in Oxford, but putteth great faith in

June 30. in a charme given unto her by her mother. She telleth me the chaplain hath ſaid, "putting faith "in charmes and ſignes is an un-"godlie faſhion, a device of the "Evil One, to deteriorate from "the efficiencie of the Almighty:" he ſaid unto her out of Holy Writ, "The Lord's hand is not ſhortened "that He cannot ſave, neither is "His ear heavy that He cannot "hear, but your ſins have ſepa-"rated you."

Phœbe ſaid the good man waxed wroth with her for her fooliſhneſs, and before leaving the dwelling, after he had given her

her ſome ſmall matter of monie, ſaid, " Beware, dame, how you " allow aught, or anie, to come " between you and your God, " in this world, while He is " waiting to be gracious; there " will be none to come 'tixt you " and Him, in the next, where " the time for mercie will be " paſt, and He will be the rigo- " rous Judge. No ſigne or " charme will avail you then. " Therefore, while there is yet " time, put your truſt in His " mercie and loving kindneſs, " and reſt not until you have the " aſſurance in your own ſoul, of

June 30.

June 30. " forgiveneſs of paſt tranſgreſſions, " and hope in the world to come."

She ſaid that even as he turned him from the door, he added theſe words, which *Phœbe*, being of quick parts, remembered: " An evil and perverſe generation " hath aſked a ſigne, and there " ſhall no ſigne be given,"—as though the thought of the charme ſtill troubled his mind.

He is a good man, of an anxious, conſcientious ſpirit; hard working now in the hope of reſt hereafter; lenient and forgiving unto others, while hard and ſelf-denying unto himſelf.

June 30.

I fear me that his diſcourſe, delivered ſecond hand by *Phœbe*, hath fallen on ſtonie ground, inaſmuch as I prevailed on her to part with the charme for a ſilver groat and the promiſe of broth every week, and I have privatelie ſtitched it into *Marjorie*'s boddice, ſhe being ignorant thereof; feeling as I did it that the chaplin's words were vexing in mine ears; yet I could not withhold, for if it is of benefit, how thankful ſhould I be — and if ought of evil ſhould accrue therefrom, 'twill light on me not her. And of one thing I am certyfied,

'tis

June 30. 'tis an impoſſibilitie to exerciſe reaſon in oppoſition to love.

Miſtreſs *Genille* hath given me an excellent recipie againſt giddineſs or qualms, which ſhe adviſeth for *Marjorie* to take of frequentlie; alſo one for Aſhen Keys and the pickling thereof; but I am minded to think them an unwholeſome condiment.

Edgar appeareth ſtronger in health as the warm ſummer-time draweth nigh; he much wiſhes that we ſhould accompanie him to *Alton* for a day, being anxious for my opinion reſpecting new hangings for the ſouth and drawing

ing rooms. I cannot underſtand what reaſon he hath for deſiring ſuch things at preſent, for he ſo ſeldom dwelleth there for more than one or two days, when he occupieth but his own three rooms, that it marvelleth me to comprehend why he will have them now. June 30.

I have repreſented unto him, that when he marries a wife, ſurelie he will prefer them to be new for her, and it is a matter in which a woman hath, and oughteth to have, an opinion. The houſe being *her* home and dominion, more than her huſband's, although

June 30. although ſhe garniſheth and ornamenteth it for him, as his reſting-place; yet is it her field for labour, as well as reſt: therefore have I alway looked upon the houſe as being more eſpecially the woman's province. But *Edgar* will none of my reaſoning, and ſayeth, "he will never marry any-"one whoſe taſtes ſhould differ "from thoſe of mine and *Mar-*"*jorie;* therefore we can prepare "it for this very conformable "lady, by when ſhe doth appear." Sometimes he is very merry and gay over it; at other and I fear moſt times, he ſigheth ſadly.

To

June 30.

To ſome extent am I ſurpriſed that he ſo readily acquieſed in the plea that his health unfitted him to accompany Sir *Thomas*. It would have been a great riſk, ſtill it is ſomewhat ſtrange that he ſhould prefer eaſe to activitie now, more than he did three years agone, having acquired ſo great a name for braverie and courage.

I ofttimes fear he hath a weight upon his heart, which I am unacquainted of. However, he appeareth mighty anxious for us to go to *Alton* juſt now; and perchance the excurſion, with the intereſt

June 30. intereſt attached to all concerning *Edgar*, may be of benefit unto *Marjorie*, and it is far too ſweet a place to repine, for paſſing a day thereat. I know not why, when I think of *Alton*, ſome words which I have heard *Roger* repeat, (I am minded to think of his own verſifying,) alway come into my mind.

"There is a noble terrace there,
With ſhaven bank and flowret faire,
And waving trees and ſhrubb'ries rare,
While ye who trode it once are where?
Sleeping 'neath the ſod!

"There is a diſtant land I ween,
Glittering with an unknown ſheen,

Of

Of angel's wing and holy gleam,
Seen as yet but in a dream!
Such dreams are ſent by God!

June 30.

"Here is a well-worn path, and drear,
Marked oft by fallen tear,
Trodden now with prayer and fear,
Purſued from youth till age is near,
With a ſtedfaſt vow!

"There are manſions in the ſky,
Never ſeen by mortal eye,
Ofttimes diſtant, ofttimes nigh,
Nigh the lowlieſt though ſo high,
Ofttimes won; but how?"

July 4.

Truelie how ſweet a day hath this been! The air ſeeming laded with ſweets and freſhneſs! The very beaſtes in the paſtures appearing as though they enjoyed it equally with ourſelves!

It

July 4. It hath been a day of almoſt unmixed pleaſure unto me; one of thoſe days which without any incident to mark them from their fellows, are remembered and looked back upon with a ſigh, half happineſs, half regret.

All hath gone well in the houſe, and having riſen bytimes, *my* houſehold cares were over e'er the breakfaſt hour, therefore have I ſpent the day in the full enjoyment of the ſweet wholeſome ſocietie of my two young companions *Marjorie* and *Edgar*. But I can hardly call them my *two* companions, inasmuch as

Edgar

July 4.

Edgar hath *Banquo* alway at his heels; and *Marjorie* is never without the hounds, which follow after her, like unto a dark ſhadow. We all walked together to the village, through the bowling green, and ſo on by the fiſhponds; *Edgar* talking much, and in merry mood of the fiſhponds, which he now hath, and thoſe he purpoſeth having at *Alton*, for himſelf and the "conformable lady." We converſed more of his travels in *Holland* and other places, than I ever remember to have heard him ſpeak, and he related ſo many incidents of varied

July 4. complexion, that time paſſed by unnoted.

He was in *London* at the time of the tryall of the unfortunate Earl of *Strafford;* and was preſent in *Weſtminſter Hall*, which was prepared with ſcaffolds for the Lords and Commons, who together with the King, Queen, Prince, and flower of the nobleſſe, were ſpectators of the moſt unparalleled inſtance of malice and innocence that ever met before ſo illuſtrious an aſſemblie. He alſo ſaw the fatal ſtroke on *Tower Hill* which ſevered "the wiſeſt "head in *England* from the Earl "of

July 4.

"of *Strafford*'s ſhoulders," and ſent a weary labourer to reſt! *Edgar* ſpoke with much feeling of this ſcene, and repeated thoſe bitter words ſaid to have been written by him ſo ſhortlie before his death: I am minded to think they ſavoured not of the ſpirit of a dying Chriſtian! But 'tis not for ſuch as me to paſs judgment.

"Go, emptie joyes
With all your noiſe
And leave me here alone,
In ſweet ſad ſilence to bemoane
Your vain and fleet delight,
Whoſe danger none can ſee aright
While your falſe ſplendour dims his ſight.

"Go

July 4.

"Go and enſnare
With your falſe ware
Some other eaſie wight,
And cheat him with your flattering light,
Rain on his head a ſhower
Of human favour, wealth, and power,
Then ſnatch it from him in an hour!

"Fill his big mind
With gallant wind
Of inſolent applauſe,
Let him not fear all curbing laws,
Nor king, nor people's frown,
But dreme of ſomething like a crown,
And climbing towards it, tumble down!"

It marvelleth me that they who have heart to run the race, ſhould not have head to keep the prize! But of a truth all things are leſſons to teach us, but

July 4.

but our own insufficiencie! *Edgar* seemed to grieve that he had caused a shadow to rest even for a moment on his cousin's face, and said that he would now tell us of something gayer; he then described, especially for *Marjorie*'s amusement, the Dog-market held in *Rotterdam* (methinks he said) on the Sabbath day, until two of the clock in the afternoon.

Marjorie asked him to describe those famous bells of the church of *Saint Nicholas* at *Amsterdam*; and methinks his account so curious, that it is worthy of note, more especially as he himself hath

July 4. hath been in the ſteeple and ſeen the performer, "who played all "ſort of tunes from the tableture "before him as if he had fingered "them on an organ, for ſo were "the hammers faſtened with wires "to ſeveral keys put into a frame, "twenty feet below the bells, "upon which (by help of a guard "upon his hand, not much unlike "a weaver's ſhuttle, formed of "wood) he ſtruck all the keys, and "played to admiration! all this "while through the clattering of "wires, the din of too nearlie "ſounding bells, and noiſe that his "wooden ſhuttle made, the con-

"fuſion

July 4.

" fusion was so great that it was
" impossible for any who stood
" near, or the musician himself,
" to hear aught, yet to those at the
" distance, the melodie and time
" were exact, and heavenlie in
" their musick."

Edgar also told us of the brave Gotique church at *Haerleim*, in the steeple of which hang two bells, said to have been brought by an Earl of *Holland* from *Damiatè* in *Egypt*, in memory of whose success they are rung out every evening.

It rendereth the companie of *Edgar* mighty pleasant, that he hath made so good use of both

July 4. eyes and ears, and is able to relate whereof he hath ſeen, with a wonderful power of engaging and keeping the attention. As we returned home after paying a ſhort viſit to Farmer *Wade*, we encountered young *Fytton*, ſaundering along, ſinging loudly ſome heatheniſh ditty, which to my mind profaned the very breeze upon which it was bourne, though 'twas in no wiſe unſuited to the lippes from whence it iſſued. He is a graceleſs youth, although he be "Maſter of the Downes," and his manner was mighty uncourteous as I aſked him news of his father,

July 4.

father, reported to be at the point of death!

Methought the ſon might ſhow more feeling than to be wandering through the village ſinging of King *Dagobert* or ſome ſuch! He ſtared more at *Marjorie* than was needful or ſeemlie, though ſhe never appeared conſcious of his exiſtence, but remained speaking with *Edgar*, while I converſed with "handſome *Fytton*" as he is named by ſome!

Folks ſay, that he is already greedie of gain, and there is a cold glitter in his eye which diſpoſeth me to believe them. But perchance

July 4. perchance I wrong the young man, and his father having been unkinde ſo many years, may be looked upon as a burthen, and 'tis ſaid, he never ſhowed much love either for wife or child. Methought he looked ſomewhat aſhamed when we encountered him again near to the gate; to my mind he hanged about for another look at *Marjorie!* We alſo ſettled to go to *Alton* the day after to-morrow, to ſtart by ſix of the clock, taking with us *Blount* and *Aſkew* to ſpend a long day, and return by eight of the clock in time for ſupper. In theſe

July 4.

theſe times we like not being out late i' the night, and truelie am I ſo great a coward, that I fear going even that ſhort diſtance with none ſave *Edgar* and the two ſervants. *Edgar* hath especially promiſed to ſhow us the picture done of himſelf, entirely on copper, by one *Nanteuile*, when he ſojourned in *France;* he ſaith it now hangeth in the great drawing-room, but at ſome future day ſhall be transferred to "the "conformable lady's" own private apartment. Can he have her already in his eye! Surelie he would have told me or *Marjorie*

July 4. *jorie* of the ſame; and ſo perchance he may have done, and ſhe not relate the circumſtance thereof unto me; for *Marjorie* my Darling! Hath grown wondrous ſilent, or rather *ſtaid* of late, appearing (methinks ſince her illneſs at *Genille Court*) transformed from a child into a fair and gentle woman, but unto me an angel! Formerlie was ſhe a merry, laughing, clever, ſomewhat wilful child, as on the laſt day of Sir *Thomas*'s brief reſt at home, when ſhe ſtood at the door, and with her graceful merriment gave him the little bunch of daſies for a parting

parting token: but two days after when ſhe leaved her chamber, was ſhe changed, and ever ſince hath ſhe been gentler, ſadder, graver, more earneſt in doing all things right, more ſtudious in avoiding all things wrong. July 4.

Her face is paler, making her hair more dark, and her eyes have a far away look in them, (ſtrange from their former quick intereſt on all around,) as though they reſted on ſome object unſeen to mortal eye; and three or four times lately have I noted her ſitting at her tapeſtrie frame, with needle 'twixt her ſmall white fingers,

July 4. fingers, but the hands reſting liſtleſs on her knee, her face upturned and eyes gazing on the bright blue ſky, which they match for colour: at ſuch times have I ſpoken quick or haſtelie unto her, being unable to contain myſelf to ſee her thus, for I have fancied that a brighter light gleamed around her head than in other parts of the room, like unto the halo of a ſainte, and ſhe appeared too much an angel to remain with me here, and my heart hath cried, "Not yet, oh Father, not yet!"

Truelie am I very weak, and confeſſing

July 4.

confeſſing this unto myſelf doth not amend matters, unleſs I ſtrive againſt it with more vigoureſsneſs. What was that which *Edgar* read unto me the other day from the book which *Marjorie* ſo greatlie loveth.

"Ne in her ſpeech,
Ne in her 'haviour,
Was lightneſs ſeen, or looſe vainitie,
But gracious womanhood, and gravitie,
Above the reaſon of her youthlie years."

It mindeth me of *Marjorie!*

To what could *Edgar* be alluding when he ſaid to me the night, that perchance while we are at *Alton* he may make of me his *confidante?* Can he mean

July 4. mean of himſelf to inform me that he is about to bring me a niece!

She ſhall be well received, be ſhe who ſhe may, for his ſake; but methinks this preparation ſomewhat formal.

Have arranged with *Marjorie* to go to *Genille Court* to-morrow, as it is fit and right that we ſhould enquire after the health of Miſtreſs *Genille*, and alſo learn if aught hath been heard from Sir *Thomas* ſince his departure. When I named the thought to *Marjorie*, who joyfully acquieſced therein, *Edgar*, who had been laughing

July 4.

laughing a while, became grave, and his countenance fell ſtrangelie, as he looked at her from under his browes with an earneſt, ſearching expreſſion, which attracted *me*, but whiles I gazed upon him, he ſuddenly changed his aſpect, and turning ſharply round, ſaid (with leſs reſpect of manner than is his wont), "Well, Aunt, and "is there aught amiſs with my "countenance, or is the faſhion "of my beard leſs pleaſing unto "you than uſual?" ſtroking it down at the ſame time in a way which minded me of thoſe words —

"He

July 4.

"He that doth place
A dagger on his face,
What doth he wear beneath?"

but I merely ſaid, "Your coun-
"tenance is always pleaſing unto
"me, dear *Edgar*, but I feared
"you were not well, and you,
"(and I laughed) know *Bodenham*
"ſayeth, 'as hedgehogs do forſee
"'enſuing ſtorms, ſo wiſe men
"are for fortune ſtill prepared.'"
Marjorie laughed very merrilie,
and ſaid, "What ails my bonnie
"couſin *Edgar?* You will go
"with us, will you not? Say
"Yes, and look not ſo ſevere on
"all around;" it was impoſſible
for

for him to withſtand her careſſing manner, and ſo he cleared his browe, and they ſat down to cheſs, as is their frequent cuſtom, while I plyed my needle near; 'tis ſtrange that the firſt booke printed in this countrie by one named *Caxton* ſhould have been, as I am certifyed, "The "Game and Play at Cheſs," in the year of our bleſſed Lord, 1471, the firſt printed booke on record being, "The Booke of "Psalms," in 1457.

July 4.

Methought that when the long protracted game was over, and *Marjorie* clapping her hands announced

July 4. announced herſelf conqueror, *Edgar*'s tone was ſad as he half ſighed, "checkmated as uſual," and after ſeparateing for the night, I ſaw him watching *Marjorie* mount up the broad ſtone ſtairs ſtopping a moment at the window, through which the moon ſhone brightlie on her head, I heard him murmur unto himſelf, "God bleſs and keep "you, *Madge*, and give me "ſtrength to bear whatever is for "thy happineſs." Then turned him ſadly away.

July 5. A wondrous pleaſant day with Miſtreſs

July 5.

Miſtreſs *Genille*, ſhe appearing as though ſhe would hardly releaſe *Marjorie* from her arms, but kiſſed her again and again with the greateſt affection.

She had received news of Sir *Thomas* on the previous forenoon, and read a part of the letter to us.

I could not help ſmiling unto myſelf afterwards, (though ſomewhat ſadlie,) to recollect in what diverſe manners we all received the ſame information, though all were equally intereſted in the writer, ſave Miſtreſs *Genille*, who loveth Sir *Thomas* as though he were

July 5. were her own ſon; ſhe kept ſtopping every now and then to wipe away her tears, until ſhe reached the words in which he ſaid that in the fray, (merely with ſome drunken ſoldiers,) he had received a ſharp cut acroſs the cheek, "but "he minded him there were "none to care, e'en though he "loſt his head, ſave her"—but Miſtreſs *Genille* could read no further.

During this *Edgar* ſtood tapping his boot with his heavy whip, eyes downcaſte, and a graceleſs manner, which I feared would ſhow Miſtreſs *Genille*, ſhould ſhe look

look up, how little he loveth Sir *Thomas*. July 5.

Marjorie's face could not ſee, inaſmuch as ſo ſoon as the epiſtle was produced ſhe placed herſelf on a low footſtool at Miſtreſs *Genille*'s feet, and her broad flapping hat hid her face ſave a little bit of her throat and chin, which are alway white and prettie.

As for myſelf, I grieved at the ſad tone of the letter, unlike that which hath ſtruck me heretofore, as the chiefeſt characteriſtic of "the Gentle *Genille*," a quiet indomitable courage, or hope, or rather, I believe I ſhould call it

July 5.

faith; certainlie there lacked the ſpirit of hope in that which we heard to-day.

'Tis ſtrange how ill an effect the air of *Genille Court* now appeareth to take upon *Marjorie*, when formerly it uſeth to act as an elixir: I hurried our departure therefrom on noticing the increaſing pallor which was ſtealing over her face, and our ride was by no means joyous, *Marjorie* quiet, thoughtful, and pale, appearing too weary to ſpeak, and *Edgar* equally ſilent, keeping cloſe by her bridle rein, watching her as though he feared ſhe might

July 5.

might fall; I ſent her to her chamber immediately, in order that ſhe might be well reſted for the morrow, when we go to *Alton*, where I truſt that *Edgar* will make himſelf ſomewhat more agreeable, for truelie during the laſt few days he hath been but ſorry companie for me, though always the ſame to "ſweet *Mar-*
"*jorie.*" I fear the child will miss him greatlie, when he hath a wife of his own to tend and cheriſh, as he now doth her! Methought to-day as I gazed on the picture of Sir *Thomas* done in oyle, over the great hall chim-
ney,

July 5. ney, that it was a rare art which could ſo delineate the grace and nobleneſs of countenance, as well as feature, as in that; there is the ſame air of ſtedfaſtneſs with melancholie, that I have ſo often noted in his face. What would I not give had I ſuch a portraiture of *Roger!* but I need it not, his face is on my heart! Deareſt, nobleſt, beſt! How entirely my exiſtence is one thought of thee! How weak and vain all others ſeem in compariſon of thee!

While *Marjorie* and *Edgar* roamed through the parterre; *Marjorie* as uſual after aſking permiſſion

permiſſion of Miſtreſs *Genille*, gathering and tyeing up a bunch of ſweet flowers for me; *Edgar* with mock meekneſs aſked a noſegay for himſelf, *Marjorie* (I fain would know why) turned pale for a moment as though about to faint, but quicklie recovering, ſaid ſmiling kindlie, "One of the very prettieſt and "beſt, couſin," and commenced gathering it; but he preſuming, ſaid as ſhe arranged it in form, "and one daintie roſe-lipped "little daiſy for the centre, to "mind me of my couſin *Mar-* "*guerite!*"

July 5.

In

July 5. In a moment the flowers dropped from her hands, as though ſhe was ſtung, and ſhe commenced hurriedlie drawing on her gloves, walking away followed by *Edgar* crying, "Deareſt "*Madge*, in what have I of- "fended?" But ſhe ſtill went on, he purſueing, until it ended in play, *Marjorie* coming up laughing to Miſtreſs *Genille*, who, putting her arm fondlie round her, ſaid, "That's right, *Marjorie*, "if he *needeth* ought to mind "him of thee, he *deſerves* it not," and *Marjorie* laughed again, and ſtill more, when *Edgar* with feigned

feigned humilitie went, and picking all up, made a little crooked nosegay for himself, but afterward I noted tears upon her cheek. July 5.

Can it be possible that she careth more for *Edgar* than is necessaire for a sister, as she hath alway considered herself unto him, and perhaps grieveth at the thought of a new cousin who will deprive us of his companie?

Should this be so, then indeed have I been a poor guardian of her happiness! It is not from neglect, but I pictured to myself that the constant unrestrained intercourse since their earliest childhood

July 5. hood would have prevented aught ſave the love of brother and ſiſter; and ſo perchance it ſtill is; and I disquiet myſelf for nought. But I will be more watchful of my child in future.

Sometimes Miſtreſs *Genille* hath a bruſque manner, ſavouring of diſcourteſie, ſuch as today, when this thought reſpecting *Marjorie* and *Edgar* came into my mind, and remembering how high an opinion *Roger* alway entertained of her judgment, I bethought me that I would lead the converſation to it whiles they had gone together to look at

July 5.

at the colts in the paddock, but almoſt before the words had left my mouth, Miſtreſs *Genille* faced round upon me, and leaning on her ſtaff with both hands, ſaid, ſtareing into my very eyes, "*Marjorie* fond of *Edgar!* "Don't be a fool, child! She "loves all the world as well, and "would as ſoon think of marry-"ing old *Blount*, take my word "for that, and never put ſuch "thoughts into her innocent little "head! But mind I don't ſay "as much concerning the lad, "and it's a thouſand pities that "he remaineth with you. If he

"*cannot*

July 5. "*cannot* do his duty here, and "bear the ſword as becometh "him, he ought to travel in other "lands, and not ſtay, tied to your "apron ſtring, or his couſin's "bridle rein either." She ſayeth this with deepening colour and great vehemence of manner, then walked on, muttering as uſual, "poor *Marjorie!*" So that I was glad when the ſubjects of our converſe returned, diſcuſſing the rival merits of roan and black, and inſiſting on our opinion.

Before our departure, Miſtreſs *Genille*, who quicklie cooled down, gave me one or two famous recipies.

July 5.

recipies. I was vexed with myſelf for feeling wroth at the old dame's haſtie words, but ſhe alway appeareth as though ſhe believed ſhe had a prior claim to *Marjorie*, and conſidereth me as an uſurper, which irritateth a mother's heart.

As ſhe ſtood in the porch, watching our receding ſteppes, I ſaw after ſhe had ſaid "Farewell," that her lips were moving, and I caught the word "blind," which alway maketh me wretched, and turns my heart againſt her.

Her love for *Marjorie* appeareth marvellous; to-day ſhe gave her a locket,

July 5. locket, attached to a chain of faire Venetian gold, brought to her by Sir *Thomas* after his firſt abſence from home; on one ſide of the locket, on a dark blue ground, is the letter "G," traced in brilliants; on the reverſe, her own ſilverie hair mingled with one of Sir *Thomas*'s dark locks, juſt as he gave it to her. When ſhe claſped it round *Marjorie*'s throat, ſhe ſaid, "I could not take the "hair out, but it lacketh an "intermediate ſhade—ſuch as "thine, darling."

Aug. 20. Were it not that *Roger* had deſired

Aug. 20.

deſired of me to note down all that occurreth, for "a hiſtory of "myſelf unto myſelf," I could not bring my hand to relate that horror which hath fallen upon us, for the thought of it ſeemeth to thicken and load the atmoſphere with oppreſſion, as though death hanged, like a pall, over the houſe; and I know not where to begin, nay indeed, 'tis with difficultie that I recollect aught ſave the laſt terrible act of our day at *Alton*; and ſo many events ſeem to be crowded into ſmall ſpace of time that it confuſeth my memory, and addeth to my trouble.

Never

Aug. 20. Never had I ſeen *Edgar* ſo joyous, or like unto himſelf, as when we ſtarted on that melancholie day for *Alton !*

The morning was heavenlie, and preciſelie at ſix o' the clock we mounted our horſes, and accompanied by *Blount*, *Aſkew*, and the two dogs, went forth on our road, through ſhadie lanes, and over green turf ſpringing 'neath our feet, in peace and joyſomeneſs, ne'er dreaming of care or ill.

Marjorie and *Edgar* ſo merrie and at eaſe upon their horſes, that their very laughter was infectious,

fectious, and I ſtruck old *Zilla* ſmartlie with my whip, and rode along bravelie, *Edgar*'s rich voice carolling a ſong which rendered the way ſhort, and the ride mightie agreeable: — Aug. 20.

"Lady gay mine,
This heart is thine,
Wherever thou may'ſt bee,
On moorland fenn,
Or graſſie glen,
Or bye the murmurring ſea.

"I am thy ſlave,
Thy ſcorne to brave,
Wherever thou may'ſt bee,
Should'ſt thou me need,
I'm here indeed
With lowlie bended knee.

"And

Aug. 20.

"And haſt thou not
Some pitie got
For him who loves but thee?
When others ſighe
With lineage highe,
Oh, kindlie think of me!

"In merrie May
At opening day
The youths and maidens free,
To make their ſport
The ſunbeams court,
My ſunſhine is in thee!"

And ſo we came to *Alton*, which is ſo faire a place that methinks there never could be aught more lovelie either in this countrie or anie other. It is ſituated on the browe of a hill, and fronteth unto a moſt lovelie valley, through which

which runs the ſtream which feedeth the large fiſhponds, and on one ſide of the houſe itſelf are gardens and terraces ſloping down to the ſame ſtream, which hath its courſe directed through the principal parterre, which is of box, but ſo rarely deſigned, and accuratelie kept trim and even, that the embroiderie thereof makes a wonderful effect to the chambers which front it. 'Tis divided into four squares, and four round knots, having in the centre a noble baſin of ſtone, in which a triton holds a dolphin, that caſts a girandole of water many feet

Aug. 20.

Aug. 20. high, and about the parterre runs a border of ſtone adorned with pedeſtals for potts and ſtatues, ending with a rail and baluſter, which deſcendeth down to the walks which are exactlie faire and long, and ſo juſtlie planted, with limes, elms, and other noble trees, that nothing can be more delicious.

Edgar ſeemed to have the greateſt joy in ſhewing all unto us, and in aſking for, and ſaying that he would act upon, our advice, reſpecting ſome things in the houſe and elſewhere; but whatever *Marjorie* ſaid ſhe liked,

Aug. 20.

I obſerved that he made a memorandum thereof.

There is much that is very charming in true courteſie, when it is a medium for the expreſſion of, and not a cloak for the lack of, kindlie feeling; and *Edgar* had never looked in my eyes to ſo great advantage as when, we arrived at the entrance of *Alton*, ſpringing from the ſaddle, and throwing the bridle to his serving man, he lifted us from our horſes, and taking my hand kiſſed it, ſaying, "Welcome, again and again, dear Aunt," ſo heartilie, that it quite increaſed my pleaſure;

Aug. 20. ſure; but he ſaid no word to *Marjorie*, only with uncovered head, kiſſed both her hands, at which ſhe looked ſurpriſed, but I (methinks I *am* blind) laughed and ſaid, "What, practiſing, *Ned?* "Well, you do it *con amore*, and I "am ſure ſucceſsfullie;" to which ill-timed joke of mine he vouchſafed no reply, but led the way to the great ſaloon, and from thence to the dining-hall, where the repaſt was ſpread, which, after our long ride, was not unpleaſing.

When we had finiſhed, we adjourned to "the conformable "lady's"

Aug. 20.

"lady's" private room, which *Edgar* wiſhed to have ornamented afreſh, and aſked *Marjorie*'s advice, which ſhe gave gravelie, and ſomewhat unwillinglie, but his countenance was unclouded ſave once, when as we walked in the parterre, the ſun ſhining, the waters of the fountain plaſhing, and glittering in its rays, and the odour of ſweet flowers filling all the ayre, I ſaid, "How lovelie a place this is," *Marjorie*, more thoughtleſſlie than is her wont, ſaid, "Yes, it needs but an "orangerie as at the *Court*, to "make it equal it," *Edgar* bit his

Aug. 20.

his lip and turned away, but a moment after ſaid pointedlie, ſtroking his mouſtache the while, "And is that really all that is needed to make *Alton* equal the "highlie favoured place, *Genille* "*Court?*"

Marjorie looked half frightened, and ſaid, "I only meant ſo far as "the grounds are concerned, the "ſituation of this place is much "finer than that." After a few ſeconds *Edgar* appeared mollified, and ſaid, "Where ſhould it be made?" and on *Marjorie* ſaying for the great ſaloon to open thereon, to my ſurpriſe, inſtead of

Aug. 20.

of being vexed at her boldneſs, he replyed, " Very well, *Madge*, ſo it " ſhall be. I would not that my " home ſhould lack aught in the " eyes of my couſin *Marguerite.*" And in a few minutes he ſaid that which ſurpriſed me greatlie.

It fell on this wiſe. Having returned to the houſe, *Marjorie* ſaid it would much gratify her to ſpend half an hour in the gallery with *Blount*, to hear him ſpeak of bye gone dayes, and tell thoſe long hiſtories in which the old man ſo delighteth, therefore *Edgar* ſaid, " So be it, and in the " mean time there were ſeveral " points

Aug. 20. "points on which he craved my "opinion;" and thus led the way to the terrace, where after placing me on one of the ſtone ſeats overlooking the valley, he commenced ſlowlie, and with a ſomewhat difficult and deliberate enunciation, as is his cuſtom when agitated,—"Aunt, theſe things "are very fair to look upon, and "make life pleaſant, but they "conſtitute not the ſum of human "happineſs; and were you to aſk "me, why I value them; why "I value my noble hall, and "broad lands, with the better "heritage of an honest time-

"honoured

Aug. 20.

"honoured name, — the one
"thing which I lack, would be
"my reply, — 'tis that for which
"I ſtrive day by day, 'tis that,
"the poſſeſſion of which would
"make me richer than the richeſt
"monarch in the world, — the
"loſs of which will beggar me
"indeed! 'Tis that," continued
he, looking ſtraight before him,
but as though he *ſaw* nought,
"for which I now let this good
"ſword grow ruſtie in its ſheath,
"e'en when my King hath
"aſked its aid; while I, poor
"foole! having ſworn if neceſ-
"ſarie to ſpend the laſt drop of
"blood

Aug. 20.

"blood in his defence, muſt "needs ſeek a reſpite from his "ſervice, neglect my duty, leave "his ſtandard to be trampled on "and torn; with the excuſe of "failing health! when in truth "—! what, Aunt, what is the an-"ſwer? what is the one thing?"

Although ſtartled by his abrupt queſtion, I pauſed in my reply, for a light was breaking in upon me, which I muſt indeed have been "blind" not to ſee before, and although greatlie ſurpriſed, ſtill I hardlie grieved, though I half ſhrunk from what he would ſay.

Nothing occurred to me at the

the moment, for I felt confuſed, and ſo, ſtupidlie enough, ſaid exactlie what I ſhould not have ſaid, repeating his own words, "What, *Edgar*, what is it?" Aug. 20.

He claſped his hands, and looking up to the blue vault above us, breathed, rather than ſaid, the one word, "*Marjorie!*"

So utterlie confounded was I, although it was what I had the moment before (for the firſt time) ſuſpected, that ſpringing to my feet, I again repeated him, exclaiming, "*Marjorie!*" "Even "ſo, Aunt," he continued, looking at me, "the one thing! The "countleſs

Aug. 20.

" countleſs treaſure! My hope
" in this world! My heaven in
" the next, is *Marjorie!* And
" yet ſhe loves me not! While
" I love her ſo deeplie as this,
" that not only would I lay down
" my life for her,—that would be
" eaſy,—but I would calmlie ſee
" her the wife of another, if it
" was her happineſs to be ſo; I
" would weep for her ſorrows,
" and joy in her joys, as though
" ſhe and they were mine own!
" But ſurelie this cannot be ne-
" ceſſaire! Surelie my patient,
" faithful love muſt win her love
" at laſt! Surelie this is too

" bitter

Aug. 20.

" bitter a draught to be put for " human lippes to taſte ! "

Although ſo greatlie ſurpriſed, I thought he muſt be miſtaken in believing *Marjorie* indifferent unto him, and ſaid as much ; but he ſhook his head ſadlie, and replied, " Say you ſo, dear Aunt? " God grant you may be right ! " but my motive in now addreſſ- " ing you, is to crave your per- " miſſion to win your child from " you ; to aſk you to aid me in " my ſuit, and to ſhow you that in " all things it is my deſire to pay " honour and reſpect unto *Mar-* " *jorie*'s mother."

It

Aug. 20. It was impoſſible to feel other than gratified with the young man, though his words, "to win "your child from you," had ſent a pang through my heart!

The thought of *Edgar* ſeeking *Marjorie*'s hand in marriage was novel and ſtrange to me, and I ſmiled, that ſhe ſhould be our much be-joked of "conformable "lady," after all! Truelie *Edgar* for a huſband, and *Alton* for a home, was no unſeemlie proſpect for a ſimple maiden!

I hardly know wherefore I counſelled him to ſay nought unto *Marjorie* for the preſent, but

Aug. 20.

but ſince am I thankful that I did ſo! But now am I come to that which even yet maketh me tremble and weep!

Our converſation rendered us unmindful of time, until we ſaw *Marjorie* herſelf coming toward us, ſtill looking ſomewhat ſad, at the memorie of thoſe antient hiſtories which *Blount* had been relating, and which moſt frequentlie ſavour of melancholie; as we all turned toward the houſe, ſhe put her arm through *Edgar*'s with the confiding manner ſo uſual between them; but when we ſtood for a moment thus

Aug. 20. thus in the great hall, I ſaw from *Edgar*'s face, that he felt, perchance for the firſt time, that he was ſtanding in his own anceſtral home with his choſen wife by his ſide, and it lacked not the quick uplifting of his plumed chapeau to ſhow, that in his heart, the thought was ſanctified with thanksgiving. But ſuch dreams laſt not long for any, and *Lucifer* being now at the door, of courſe the firſt, he being too impatient to wait for aught, we mounted, and turned our heads toward home, *Edgar* having previouslie looked to the priming of the piſtols

piſtols which he as well as the men carried. Aug. 20.

The evening was too lovelie for us to ſhorten our ride willinglie, yet the undefined fear which theſe perilous times gives, induced us to proceed at a ſomewhat rapid pace, though not ſo faſt as to prevent the interchange of thought, with ſometimes the merrie jeſt from *Marjorie*, and a ſmart rejoinder from *Edgar*, or, which *Edgar* always liked beſt, trotting briſklie along to the ſound of "Hey, nonnie nonnie!" from *Marjorie*. We were in this latter caſe, the ſhades of evening cloſing

Aug. 20. round, and being within two miles of home, we ſuffered our horſes to walk leiſurelie through the wood, *Marjorie*'s ſweet voice having ſunk down into the Latin hymn which Sir *Thomas* had taught her,—when of a ſudden, I know not rightlie how, I heard two ſhots cloſe by me, a loud voice called "Halt! in the name "of the Lord!" I ſaw three or four men, with blackened faces, or maſks on, fighteing with *Blount* and *Aſkew*, and at the ſame moment two others ſprang on *Edgar*. Inſtinctivelie I ſhrieked "Fly!" and, ſtriking *Zilla* ſmartlie, galloped

loped away, believing that *Marjorie* was with me, but, turning an inſtant after, I ſaw that ſhe was not; I then pulled up, crying, "*Marjorie! Marjorie!*" and receiving no reply, turned, ſorelie againſt my will, but I could not leave my child, and went back as faſt as I had come, when a ſight preſented itſelf, which is before me even now as a terrible picture unto my mind. *Aſkew* was laid on the graſs, ſeeminglie dead; the ruffians were binding old *Blount* with thongs; but that which was moſt awefull unto me, was ſeeing *Marjorie* and *Edgar* in cloſe conflict

Aug. 20.

Aug. 20. flict with two men, and juſt as I reached them, *Edgar* gave a ſort of ſtart, and fell back on his horſe; at the ſame moment *Marjorie*, gathering her reins tight in one hand, and her heavie whip in the other, ſeemed to raiſe herſelf and her horſe from the earth for an inſtant (with a face ſuch as I hope ne'er to ſee her wear again, ſo rigid was it in its horror), and then, with all her ſtrength, down came the butt-end of the whip on the head of the man againſt *Edgar:* truelie methought the ſkull muſt be broken, but the ruffian, though ſtartled for a moment,

ment, burſt into a loud laugh, ſaying, "Well hit, Miſtreſs! by "my faith, it hurts now!" But the laugh did not convince *Marjorie* of the impotencie of her defence; and ſhe was about to repeat the blow, when I, inſpired by fear, felt that which I have never known before, which was courage; and looking round for ſome weapon wherewith to ſtrike, I ſaw one of the piſtols ſtill in the holſter of *Edgar*'s ſaddle, and in a moment, before I thought what I was doing, I had ſnatched it and fired it full in the face of our principal aſſailant. Thank God!

Aug. 20.

Aug. 20. God! he was not killed; but the ball had paſſed through his neck and ſhoulder—the unſteadineſs of my hand having ſaved his life, and my own peace of conſcience for the remainder of my days! but he dropped as though dead, yet to riſe up again a moment after; and now ſhouts being heard from the oppoſite direction, *Marjorie* gave one ſhriek of "Help!" for ſhe had recogniſed the voices, and exclaiming joyfullie, "They are here! They "are here!" the men looked haſtilie round, and, picking up the bodies of their comrades, plunged

plunged into the wood, leaving us with old *Blount* bound, *Aſkew* unconſcious, *Edgar* ſeeminglie lifeleſs laid on the back of the horſe, while *Marjorie* tried to hold him on with one hand, while with the other ſhe guided the reins. We were ſurrounded by our own people in a moment, they having, according to my previous orders, ſtarted to meet us on our not having returned by a certain time, and were guided to us by the ſhots and the noiſe. In a few moments, by croſſing their long ſtaves, a ſort of bier or carriage was made, on which we placed

Aug. 20.

Aug. 20. placed *Edgar*, the blood dripping to the ground from a wound in his cheſt; while others having cut the thongs which bound old *Blount*, lifted *Aſkew* on their ſhoulders, and in ſuch melancholie faſhion we once more ſtarted on our way.

Even then was I aſtoniſhed at the promptneſs and preſence of mind diſplayed by *Marjorie*: directing the placing of *Edgar*, and quick as thought, ſpringing from *Lucifer*, ſhe began to unbuckle the girths, while one of the men did the ſame by his horſe; the exchange of ſaddles having been made,

made, the man ſprang on to him, and herſelf putting the reins into the man's hand, I heard her ſay, "Now, ride for your life! but "remember he needs no whip or "ſpur." She patted the horſe's neck, and the man was out of ſight in a few ſeconds. Aug. 20.

We proceeded ſo ſlowlie that, by when we reached home, and had laid *Edgar* on a bed, the leech, having ridden hard, was arrived; 'twas a ſcene which can ne'er be blotted from my mind, when he entered the chamber, and as is oftentimes the caſe during ſeaſons of deep tryall, the minuteſt

Aug. 20. minuteſt incidents impreſs themſelves upon the memorie, while the heart, methinks, ſtandeth ſtill! So I ſeem now to hear the deep growl of *Banquo*, when the leech entered the chamber, and afterward I ſaw the dog lick his hand, whineing, as though *he* too craved help for his wounded maſter.

Marjorie knelt, ſupporting *Edgar*'s head, the window was open, the heavy curtains drawn aſide to admit what little air there was, and in one corner of the room knelt *Blount*, his hands claſpt above his head, ſeeminglie ſtricken

to

to the earth by grief; for *Blount* has been in manie a bloodie fray, and has ſeen brave men mowed down as graſs before the ſcythe; and he knew that from the firſt, which we all were aware of ſo ſoon as the leech approached the bed, and, taking the liſtleſs hand in his, looked upon the face of the dying man. *Marjorie* read it alſo, but, beyond a momentarie ſtart, and gaſp as if for breath, ſhe remained motionleſs, as Dr. *Andrews*, turning unto me, ſaid ſoftlie, "Perchance he may re-
"cover conſciouſneſs for a few
"minutes; ſend for the chaplain,
"in

Aug. 20.

Aug. 20. "in order that he may be at "hand to adminiſter ſuch ghoſtlie "conſolation as there remaineth "time for." *Edgar*, opening his eyes, ſaid faintlie, "Uſeleſs, Aunt! "uſeleſs; there is but one me- "diator 'twixt God and man, and "none other can avail me now." I knelt down by the ſide of the bed to hear what he would ſay, for the effort of ſpeech ſeemed too mightie an one for him to make. And I have ſince thought it ſtrange how we all were aware that hope had left us, although no word had been ſpoken. We remained thus, perchance an hour:

Marjorie

Aug. 20.

Marjorie ſometimes wiping the damp brow, on which the morning ſun would never ſhine again; the leech, (although 'twas far paſt his ſkill, for a mightier than he was there,) kneeled on the floor at ſome diſtance, for he could not leave us in our ſorrow; when of a ſudden I heard *Edgar* ſay, "I might as well have died in "harneſs, Aunt, as becometh one "of my name, but for the love "of her ſweet face; and now — "Oh, pityfull! pityfull;" then turning his head back ſo that he could look up at her, he murmured "*Marjorie!*" and as ſhe, in

Aug. 20. in all ſiſterlie love and deep ſorrow, bent down and preſſed her lips on his, the leech ſprang forward, and, lifting her in his arms, bore her from the chamber, for her name had been the laſt, and *Edgar* was no more!

Sept. 1. How ſtill this houſe now ſeemeth!

Marjorie is far ſuperior unto me, although I be her mother! I ſee it in all things day by day, and think no ſhame to ſay, that ſhe is unto me a pattern which I ſtrive to imitate.

In much trouble and buiſineſs which

which it hath pleaſed God to lay upon us of late, ſhe hath evidenced a clear head, ſound judgement, high principle, and wondrous reſolution in the performance of dutie, which is marvellous! and I find myſelf readie to cling to her, as long ago I clung to, and reſted upon, him, from whom ſhe deriveth all that is admirable in her nature—her father! Truelie, the influence of a good man is like unto the grain of muſtard ſeed mentioned in the parable, it ſpreadeth far and wide!

Sept. 1.

I would that *Marjorie* were not

Sept. 1. not ſo ſilent. I ne'er can judge her feeling, ſave from her countenance, which varieth more than anie I ever ſaw: ſometimes fluſhing, ſometimes paleing, ſhadowing or brightening like ſnow beneath the ſun.

Perchance I was unwiſe to tell unto her the converſation 'twixt her couſin and myſelf at *Alton*, for it cauſed her to ſhed many and bitter tears. I have ſince aſked myſelf, ſomewhat doubtinglie, would ſhe have been his wife, had it ſo pleaſed the Almighty to ſpare him? Methinks not. Though doubtleſs ſhe is right

right not to ſay ſo; ſtill it ſeemeth unto me that had ſhe felt that regard toward her couſin, without which I am aſſured ſhe would become the wife of none; his fearful and ſudden death would have been ſo great a ſorrow, that ſhe muſt have confeſſed it unto me, her mother; for truelie, the heart may be widowed, tho' the hand hath never felt the ring! It mindeth me of the ſtrange words, which, according to the promiſe I made long ago unto him we have ſo latelie loſt, are now inſcribed on the ſtone at his feet, —

Sept. 2.

Sept. 2.

"The eye ſeeth,
The heart chooſeth,
The hand bindeth,
Death looſeth."

I little thought at the time, poor boy! that I ſhould live to fulfill my word. Have heard to-day from *Aſkew* that old *Fytton* died a week a-gone; ſo now Maſter *Walter* is Maſter of the Downs. 'Tis a pitie the mind is not as comelie as the face! but perchance I misjudge the youth, ſeeing that I know ſo little of him; inaſmuch as they have alway deported themſelves ſomewhat high toward us, and we needed

needed not to crave their favour; but now that ſorrow hath viſited them, or at any rate Miſtreſs *Fytton*, it may be right that we ſhould ſhow ſome interchange of neighbourlie kindneſs unto them. Sept. 2.

Shall be thankful when it is convenient for poor *Edgar*'s affairs to be ſettled; for the propertie is large, and all the ſervants coming unto me in their trouble and diſtreſs, is nigh upon more than I am equal unto.

A true friend is indeed a bleſsing! What could we have done at this ſeaſon, had it not been for the rare thoughtfulneſs

Sept. 2. neſs of good old Miſtreſs *Genille!*

Truelie, it ſeemed to me as though ſhe fancied *Marjorie* was the little child again; for whenever poor *Marjorie* appeared overcome with aught, Miſtreſs *Genille* putteth her arms about her, and *Marjorie* neſtleth her head down on her boſome, and is huſhed like an infant.

Miſtreſs *Genille* hath again had tidings from Sir *Thomas*, who nameth unto her much, even in the diſpatch, which methinks is ſomewhat imprudent; for ſuppoſing the meſſenger were taken, how might

Sept. 2.

might it not affect, and perchance endanger, thoſe whoſe names he hath ſo incautiouſlie tranſcribed! Truelie I would that he refrained from ſending meſſages of ſympathie, or enquiries, unto me or mine, it might bring us into notice, and be wondrous unpleaſant.

Ofttimes

Sept. 5. Ofttimes am I bewildered! Ofttimes have I ſeemed unto myſelf, when manie circumſtances crowd one upon another of a ſomewhat ſingular and aweſome nature, as though mine intellect had not ſpace to ſtir itſelf, and I am ſtupified! But never have I felt more or ſo much ſo as at this preſent, and the very troubles of the land appear even unto me (ſimple woman that I am!) as though they added unto my confuſion!

confuſion! But let me enumerate unto myſelf the cauſes of my wonderment. Sept. 5.

Firſtlie, The departure of Sir *Thomas*, and that which I wot not of.

Secondlie, *Marjorie*'s illneſs.

Thirdlie, Poor *Edgar*'s ſpeech unto me.

Fourthlie, His ſudden and aweſome death, with all the cares pertaining thereto, added unto my deep ſorrow for his loſs.

Fifthlie, Sixthlie, and methinks laſt and almoſt greateſt cauſe of wonderment, The finding my Daughter *Marjorie*, "in "remembrance

Sept. 5. "remembrance of a life's love," left, by her couſin *Edgar*, ſole heireſs of all his large poſſeſſions, and Miſtreſs of *Alton!* And although I ought in no wiſe to have been ſurpriſed at *Marjorie* acting in a manner ſtrictlie honourable, though the faſhion thereof might not have been mine own; ſtill I confeſs it ſurpriſed me ſomewhat to hear her ſo ſteadilie refuſe to accept that which now is truelie her own; yet it proved unto me that my ſuſpicion was correct that ſhe would ne'er have conſented to be wife unto *Edgar;* but her manner

ner in attempting the rejection thereof; her true faith unto her couſin that ſhe permitted it not to paſs her lippes that ſhe would not have married him; her integretie, that ſaving as his wife, *Alton* was ne'er meant for her; and her childiſh ſhamefacedneſs (for ſhe is but ſixteen) made a marvellous prettie confuſion. Methought at firſt that Lawyer *Goodwin* ſeemed not to underſtand the maiden, when, after concluding his grave ſpeech wherein he informed her of all, he added the words, "in all reſpects, "Miſtreſs *Margaret*, as though "you

Sept. 5.

Sept. 5. "you had been wife unto the "deceaſed gentleman."

"Which proveth, Maſter *Good-* "*win*," ſaith *Marjorie* boldlie, with colour mantling o'er neck and brow, "which proveth that "I cannot accept this bequeſt, "inasmuch as I was not wife "unto my couſin *Edgar*; what "*might have been*, had he been "ſpared, it is not for any to ſay; that which *is*, appeareth unto me "the matter to conſider: *Alton* is "none of mine!" "Preciſelie "ſo," ſaith Maſter *Goodwin*, "but "in ſuch caſes, Miſtreſs *Margaret*, "we are obliged to act in accord-

"ance

Sept. 5.

" ance with the letter of the law; " therefore *Alton* and all pertain- " ing thereto, is yours. But " permit me to ſay," added the old gentleman kindlie, " that I " believe we are acting alſo in " accordance with the ſpirit of " the teſtator. I believe that the " ſame feeling which actuated " your lamented kinſman when he " wrote this previous to his firſt " joining the army, induced him " to add this ſecond ſignature, " the date whereof is but three " months agone; teſtifying unto " the fact that his mind was un- " altered; I believe that it would " have

Sept. 5. "have been unchanged twentie "years hence. I ſay not this," continued Maſter *Goodwin*, "entirelie from ſuppoſition, but I "held much converſation with "your couſin at the time, when "I was ſo honoured as to aſſiſt "him in the writing of the parchment now under diſcuſſion; "therefore, young lady, ſay no "longer, 'it is none of mine;' "accept it gratefullie; uſe it "carefullie and conſcientiouſlie "in God's ſervice, and reſt aſſured that in ſo doing you are "acting in accordance with both "letter and ſpirit, and in what is

"but

Sept. 5.

" but kinſwomanlie acknowledge-
" ment of the few words in which
" it is given unto you in 'remem-
" brance of a life's love.'"

Marjorie could ſay no more after this, but tears were falling faſt down her cheeks, and Miſtreſs *Genille* taking her hand, ſayeth kindlie, " Maſter *Goodwin* hath " ſpoken well, *Madge;* it is thine " to all intents and purpoſes."

As for myſelf, I am well pleaſed that *Marjorie* ſhould be Miſtreſs of *Alton*, but truelie! God help her in the management thereof! Though doubtleſs there will be plentie readie to aſſiſt her, yet I fear

Sept. 11. fear not that ſhe will be eaſie misguided!

Sept. 11. A booke was ne'er a ſource of much delight unto me, though 'twas otherwiſe with *Roger*, as it is with *Marjorie*, they both taking much pleaſure therein. Methinks *Marjorie* would ſit all day with booke upon her knee, and take no note of time or people! *Roger* would ofttimes when I aſked aught of him perchance reſpecting the houſe or domeſtique affairs, take my hand in his, and without making anie reply unto the querie, ſay, "Nay, but hearken

Sept. 11.

" hearken unto this, ſweet wife;" and then read aloud much, that doubtleſs was well worth hearkening unto, the whiles I ſtood upon thorns by his ſide, underſtanding nought, my mind perchance being in the dairy or elſewhere; then he would look up of a ſudden, and ſeeing my vacant eye, would kiſs my hand, ſaying, " Farewell, " unwilling priſoner, mind and " matter are but poor compa- " nions, though one would find it " hard to get along without the " other; juſt ſo, I could not do " without thee, wife." Whereupon I would reſpectfullie accuſe him

Sept. 11. him of vanitie, which he as ſtoutlie denied. Such little loving controverſies form great part of the reliſh of life: I miſs it now, that ſame ſavour, and ofttimes, when I hearken unto *Marjorie* reading ſome lines from *Roger*'s favourite companion, "*Will Shakeſpear*," I feel as though I were in a dream, the time, the place, the words, all unchanged; but I wake up from my momentarie forgetfulneſs, to find that I am alone! alone! Then is ſharpeſt pain welcome! and the thought of ſudden death ſeemeth but the thought of a glad ſurpriſe! Perchance a ſhort

ſhort, ſharp pang, and then once more with *Roger*, hand in hand, once more for ever! Sept. 11.

Marjorie hath at times a terſeneſs of ſpeech; few words, all to the point, conveying much; that is greatlie likened unto *Roger;* I was minded of it to-day, when Maſter *Fytton* had been here, mightie well apparelled, love-locks curled and perfumed; of a truth his ſhoon oft mind me of thoſe words,

"When roſes in the garden grew,
And not in ribbons on a ſhoe,
Now ribbon roſes take ſuch place,
That garden roſes want their grace."

Sept. 11. Altogether was he of a comelie preſence, that moſt young maidens would not have looked aſkance at. When I ſaw him ride away in the bright warm ſunlight, I ſaid, "A well-favoured young "man:" *Marjorie* only replied, "A wondrous prettie ſhell, more's "the pitie that it lacketh a ker-"nel;" and ſo turned again to her booke.

Sept. 17. Methinks that howſoever terſe of ſpeech, or cold of demeanour, *Marjorie* may comport herſelf unto Maſter *Walter Fytton*, 'tis no ways unpleaſing unto him, for

Sept. 17.

for he affecteth our companie greatlie; though ſometimes I am minded to think, that if hard words were blows, the ſhell of which *Marjorie* made mention, would have had manie a crack in it e'er this. I ſuppoſe that *Marjorie* liketh him not, though I much fear I cannot ſay the ſame for him, poor youth! He ſheweth great good temper, and ofttimes when he and *Marjorie* have been diſcuſſing ſome knottie point, and he beginneth as is his ſillie faſhion, "Nay, but *Faire* "Miſtreſs *Marguerite!* Sweet "Miſtreſs *Marguerite!* Daintie "Miſtreſs

Sept. 17. "Miſtreſs *Marguerite!*" I inſtinctivelie glint aſide in fear of the moral cuffe which *Marjorie*'s ſhort upper lippe ſo proudlie curled, warneth me will very quicklie be given—ſuch as, "Well, Maſter "*Fytton*, putting ſuch nonſenſe "aſide, 'tis by your own ſhewing "that you are proven in fault."

"Sweet Miſtreſs *Marguerite*, "to be condemned by ſo faire a "judge, ſeemeth more reward "than puniſhment."

Marjorie vouchſafeth no reply; but 'tis mightie diverting unto me!

I never obſerved *Marjorie* other than

than gentle, and of a mild teachableneſs with *Edgar* or Sir *Thomas;* but perchance her great love for *Edgar* was the cauſe of her ſeeming ſo far different with him, and none ever lacked reſpect unto the Gentle *Genille.* Sept. 17.

Our days ſeem now to paſs with but few events greater than the viſits of Miſtreſs or Maſter *Fytton*, or dear Miſtreſs *Genille;* and my heavieſt cares juſt now, are thoſe of houſe, and harveſt!

Marjorie hath a clearer head than mine, and aſſiſteth me greatlie in accounts this year.

How pale her face ſheweth againſt

Sept. 17. againſt her black robes; far different to the cherrie-coloured ribbons!

Methinks that black becometh her fairneſs. Maſter *Walter* ſayeth, "Sweet Miſtreſs *Margue-* "*rite* looketh like unto a Queen "in it, *as is ſuitable for one of* "*her eſtate!!*"

I fear, poor child, ſhe greatlie miſſeth *Edgar;* I ofttimes find her cheek and pillow wet with tears, and when hearing her reſtleſs, have ſtolen to her room, after ſtanding by her bedſide, looking upon her troubled ſleep, I have frequentlie heard her murmur the ſame ſad words

words, "Come back!" Doubtleſs ſhe dreameth of her couſin, and in her dreams, believeth that he can return, and if it be ſo, awakeneth to find how falſe they be! Poor child, ſuch dreams are happineſs! Sept. 17.

A buſie day! Much care, much pleaſure! Miſtreſs *Genille* hath been here, and preſſeth us greatlie once more to pay her a viſit at the *Court:* I fear leſt poor *Edgar* having accompanyed us the laſt time, might recall grief to *Marjorie.* Maſter *Fytton* alſo made his appearance. Truelie he is of a Sept. 20.

Sept. 20. a comelie preſence! And it marvelleth me to ſee *Marjorie* ſit ſo quiet and indifferent at her tapeſtrie frame, without ſo much as the lifting of an eyelaſh, when he is here! I ofttimes wiſh that ſome great man, clever as him of whom I have heard Sir *Thomas* ſpeak, named *Rubens*, could delineate a faire picture of *Marjorie* and Maſter *Fytton*. It happeneth frequentlie when he is here, that *Marjorie* taketh her place in the large bow window of the gallerie, (which is likened unto a ſmall apartment off it, and containeth a table, the tapeſtrie frame, my ſpinning

Sept. 20.

ſpinning wheel with flax and other matters,) and there plieth her buſie needle unceaſinglie; Maſter *Walter* ſitting on a ſtool oppoſite, watching the ſun ſhining on the ripples of her golden hair, or her ſmall hands! And I ſee the colour come and go upon his face with everie movement of hers, as though he were a baſhful maiden!

Were I *Marjorie*, I could not help but glance at him! But no, the deep dark fringes reſt upon the cheek, and Maſter *Walter* might gaze for an hour withouten *Marjorie* being con-

ſcious

Sept. 20. ſcious thereof! Sooth to ſay, I doubt me if ſhe recollecteth his preſence, unleſs he addreſſeth himſelf unto her. He hath repeated unto me again the words of that ballad which with ſo much ſhamefacedneſs, he carolled unto us a few days agone; *Marjorie* innocentlie encouraging of him to proceed in it, though I am convinced that ſhe is "Mis-"treſs Faire," in his heart; but I ſay nought of this unto her, for it is beſt to let things take their own courſe. The words ſeem nought without Maſter *Walter*'s ſurpriſing mellow voice, therefore

I

I will not vex myſelf to write them. I would not that the chaplain ſhould have hearkened to our merriement. Sept. 20.

In that ſame bow window where ſtandeth my ſpinning-wheel, alſo is placed a huge ſcreen; I of a frequencie ſitting behind it, in order that the current of ayre from the window may be avoided, and in this mode converſe with *Marjorie*, or hearken to the virginals which ſhe greatlie excelleth in the touching of. A door communicating with my own chamber Sept. 25.

Sept. 25. ber, being near the ſcreen, is mightie convenient, but anie entering from the other end of the gallerie might not perceive me, and would be unacquainted of my preſence, were it not for the noyſe of the wheel, which is methinks ſo prettie. *Marjorie* affirmeth that I am apt to ſlumber in the gloom, but I know not.

Be that as it may, it chanced this noon that as I ſat fatigued with the oppreſſive ayre, I of a ſudden heard voices in diſcuſſion, which I ſoon perceived to be Maſter *Fytton*'s with *Marjorie*'s, and was conſtrained to ſmile at the ſubject

ſubject of their youthlie converſe. Sept. 25.

"How defineſt thou 'common "ſenſe,' Maſter *Walter?*" "Faith! "Daintieſt Miſtreſs *Marguerite*, "'tis a difficult taſk to ſay what "it is, or where it lyeth."

"It appeareth to me, Maſter "*Walter*, to be a judicious min- "gling of uncommon qualities; "ſuch as wit, knowledge, and "conſcience, brought to bear "upon common occurrences."

"Sweet Miſtreſs *Marguerite*, "thine anſwer is a true one, but "methinks 'tis a ſubject on which "thy mind hath been employed

"e'er

Sept. 25. "e'er thou aſkedſt me the queſ-
"tion."

"Methinks, Maſter *Walter*," ſaith *Marjorie* demurelie, "'tis a "pitie when anie ſpeak on that "which they have ne'er con-"ſidered." I am conſtrained to think that "Sweet Miſtreſs "*Marguerite*" becometh ſomewhat pragmatical with Maſter *Walter!* 'Tis better than if it were the other way, and in her heart ſhe lacketh not humilitie.

Oct. 1. After all my imaginings of *Marjorie*'s mightie abilities, to ſee her act the very child as today

day was ſomewhat perverſe unto me! And truelie was I minded to give her a little tap upon the ſhoulder to recall her to herſelf! Doubtleſs the return of Sir *Thomas* was a ſurpriſement unto all, ſeeing that none had been adviſed thereof, but methinks there was ſmall occaſion for *Marjorie* when ſhe firſt ſaw him, to ſpring up, exclaiming, "Oh "thank God!" I at once endeavoured to remind her of that which is meet and maidenlie, by ſtepping ſlowlie forward with hand extended, ſaying, "Welcome," (truelie the noyſe of his from

Oct. 1.

Oa. 1. entrance having arouſed me from an unuſual ſlumber, might perchance render my manner more dignified withal); but as for dignitie! *Marjorie* would none of it! and after gazing at his face for an inſtant, burſt into a paſſion of tears, holding his hand in both of hers, and weeping bitterlie! Good ſooth I was aſhamed of her! So that I ſcarce noted how ſorrie a plight Sir *Thomas* ſhewed in. His face pale, thin, haggard and worn; dark lines around his eyes, rendering him ten years more aged to look upon! A terrible cut acroſs one cheek, his right

right arm in a ſling, his dreſs torn and travel-ſoiled! He reſted but for one hour, being on his way to *Genille Court*. Oct. 1.

I ſent *Marjorie* to her chamber for her miſconduct. 'Tis a pitiefull thing indeed, that, after ſeeming ſo wiſe above her years, and demure; on occaſion when I would fain that ſhe ſhould appear to greateſt advantage, ſhe muſt ſo far forget herſelf!

I truſt that I have not ſaid too much to her, poor child, for I rated her ſoundlie. After retireing to my chamber for the night,

Oct. 1. hearing her ſtill weeping, I returned to bid her be of good cheer, that I would overlook her offence; ſhe vouchſafed nought, ſave, "Mother, Mother!" I pray I have not been over harſhe with her, my poor child *Marjorie!*

Oct. 3. Methought Sir *Thomas* took more note of *Marjorie* than I had ever before obſerved him to do, I know not why; perchance it be, that now ſhe is heireſs of *Alton!* He ſayed that, if the Lord permitted, he hoped to return in the courſe of ſome weeks, to reſt a ſhort ſpace at *Genille*

Genille Court; he appeared much affected, and paſſed his hand heavilie athwart his brow, when the name of His Majeſtie the King, was uttered by anie. 'Twas gratifying to me to perceive that apparentlie all had been forgotten reſpecting our late interview at the *Court*. Oct. 3.

How ſwiftlie time flyeth! That which we looked forward unto, paſſeth us ſlowlie, ſurelie, ſteadilie bye! We take no heed or note thereof, except ſometime it happeth that we recollect that that which ere now was anticipation, is become but retroſpection, and

Oct. 3. and ſo we look forward once again! It mindeth me that 'tis needful, that as our hopes become fewer, ſo ſhould they become higher, until they reſt not ſhort of Heaven!

I know not what maketh me to dwell on this juſt now, unleſs it be ſeeing Sir *Thomas* once again, when it is but as yeſterday that we ſorrowed ſo deeplie for his departure from among us. Now hath he gone, and returned; to depart again; and I know not why, but all ſeemeth changed unto me! Surelie! in ſaying that that which once was hope now

now becometh retrospection, I speak but truth for myself; for as day succeedeth unto day, I know better and better that the once brightest hope of my life is now nought but it's most loving memorie! But again am I forgetting—do we not sow mortal seeds in anticipation of celestial bloom? Of a truth! I still have hope! Oct. 3.

So bright though wintrie a day was never seen! but pleasant and hopesome, though faded leaves lye around. Oct. 10.

When we receive intelligence in this hamlet of ought that befalleth

Oct. 10. falleth the great ones of the earth, it ſeemeth for a time to depreſs, and throw a gloom on all around, ſo fearful is it of purport! But news cometh ſo ſeldom, ſave from ſtray bands of ſoldierie, that after the firſt ſhock all goeth on as before, except that manie of our own people, ſons, brothers, and fathers, have gone from among us, to return not again; bright eyes have grown dim with watching! hearths have become deſolate! And it ſeemeth to me that the very land holdeth its breath in ſuſpenſe and fear, at that which men's

men's ungovernable paſſions have brought upon themſelves! For of a ſuretie! the criſis muſt be at hand! Oct. 10.

Maſter *Fytton* appeareth to affect himſelf but little with troubles of anie! from which *Marjorie* draweth inference that he conſidereth naught but himſelf, therefore is he ſelfiſh. Now, far be it from me to comment uncharitablie upon the youth, for I mind me of the words, Oct. 12.

"In anie's eye is there a mote?
E'en let the foule thing goe.
But ſtepp aſide to make a note,
That thou doſt not do ſoe."

But

Oct. 12. But it behoveth me to think upon his charecteriſtiques, for it is certain that he entertaineth thoughts of *Marjorie*, and ſeeing how well favoured and perſonable a young man he is; putting aſide the *Downs*, which would be no mean addition unto *Alton;* (I rekon not this little place, though it would alſo be *Marjorie*'s; it being barelie ſufficient to keep itſelf in its own proper ſtate,) but I ſay the *Downs* added to *Alton* would be a monſtrous fine thing! nigh upon too much for ſuch young heads! But I would truſt *Marjorie*'s guidance.

See

See now, how well hath ſhe laid her plans for the diſtribution of food and raiment to thoſe who lack, with great charitie and much wiſdom. Oct. 12.

I would have had a limit drawn, and have given to none ſave thoſe who belong unto us; but *Marjorie* ſayeth there is no record given of the good Samaritan making enquiries reſpecting the certain man which had fallen among thieves! He viewed but the neceſſitie of the unhappy one, and applied himſelf to miniſter thereto; not neglecting his own people or duties; for he ſtayed

Oct. 12. ſtayed not with the ſick and wounded man, but left the wherewithal for his maintenance, ſaying, "and whatſoever more thou "ſpendeſt, when I come again, I "will recompenſe thee!" So ſayeth *Marjorie*, "I will give to "him that lacketh!"

Maſter *Fytton* is mightie buſie in aſſiſting in the diſpoſal thereof, and hath once or twice adviſed thoſe about his own butterie door, to apply at the *Grove!* Which methinks is being ſomewhat liberal of that which coſteth him nought! When *Marjorie* heard this trait of Maſter *Walter*'s conduct

conduct, ſhe ſmiled, and ſayed, "He is the loſer, not I! for as "much as ye give it unto the "leaſt of theſe little ones, ye "give it unto Me!" Oct. 12.

Methinks *Marjorie* hath more the love of our Lord at heart than I have, and ofttimes do I feel aſhamed of being mother unto ſo good a child, being all unworthy of ſo great a bleſſing. But unto Him that died, that we might live, is not our deepeſt unworthyneſs, our ſtrongeſt claim? But truelie do I praye,

"Plante in me Lord, the tree of godlie life,
Hedge it about with the ſtrong fence of Faith;

If

Oct. 12.

If Thee it pleaſe, uſe eke Thy pruning knife!
Leaſt as a good gardener ſayeth:
If ſuckers draw the ſappe from roots on high,
Perhaps in tyme, the top of tree may die!
Let, Lord, this tree be ſet within Thy garden wall
Of Paradise, where grows no one ill ſprigge at all!

THE

THE GROVE.

THANKS be to God that I can indeed ſay "the "*Grove!*" After all that we have paſſed through, ſcared and affrighted, I know not which way to turn; and cannot cloſe mine eyes without the fear of a ſudden and horrible awakening! Snow lieth on the ground; all looketh calm without; *Marjorie* goeth on her way as heretofore; Nov. 11.

Nov. 11. tofore; but as for me, I tremble!!

Having made, though only unto myſelf, the *reſolution* (I will not ſay *vow*, for 'tis ſaid, "a reſo-"lution is a free cuſtodie, but a "vow is a priſon which tempteth "men to break out,") to note down all that occurreth, even in this matter it behoveth me to overcome my repugnance, and relate brieflie all, even from the day when I laſt tranſcribed ought herein.

Marjorie, after ſome converſe with Miſtreſs *Genille* and myſelf upon the matter, deemed it diſ-

creet

Nov. 11.

creet to go, accompanied by me and a ſufficient eſcort, unto *Alton*, to put in ſafetie all things of value, more eſpeciallie thoſe veſſels of gold and ſilver, and precious jewels pertaining unto the familie, and now deſcended unto *Marjorie*.

It was a journey noways agreeable unto me, ne'er having been at *Alton* ſince that bright ſummer's day when *he* was there alſo, with hopes bright as the morn, and heart as noble; now alas! poor boy, while we travelled along, ſilent and alone, he lieth where nor ſtorm or ſunſhine can e'er affect,

" With

Nov. 11.

"With ſtone hands claſp't
Upon the mailed breaſt,
The bright eye cloſed,
The ſoul at reſt."

"No trumpet ſound will wake from ſleep
The warrior in the churche's keep,
Earth's vaine pompe hath paſſed bye,
This world is left, is heaven nighe?"

and methought it appeared a natural reſemblance unto a funeral, our long train clothed in black, traverſing the pure white ſnow!

'Twas a thing for which in my heart I thanked *Blount*, that he, riding in advance, took the upper though longer road, ſo that we needed not to paſs through the wood

wood, which is ſo indeliblie impreſſed on our minds. Nov. 11.

'Twas a piteous ſight when we entered the great hall, to ſee *Marjorie*'s drooping form and averted face; and 'twas a day ever to be remembered with a tear, for was not every act, thought, or look one of the deepeſt unavailing ſorrow, *Marjorie*'s face becoming paler and paler, until it looked ghoſt-like with its marble hue? She ſhed nor tear, or ſob, ſave once, when I know not how it happened, toward four of the clock, it being well nighe dark, we ſtood ſilent by the

Nov. 11. large fire-place, where a few embers ſtill were burning, when the door was ſlowlie puſhed open, and old *Banquo* walked in, though we had left him in care at the *Grove*. I ſuppoſe he had eſcaped, and followed on our tracks, the old hound went up to *Marjorie* and licked her hand; then with a moan ſtretched himſelf out on the deſerted hearth and died! Poor *Marjorie* dropped on the ground by the ſide of him, and wept as though her heart was broken, and it needed all my ſtrength of mind to reaſon her into ſomething like calmneſs; but

as

as night closed in, just at the hour of separating for rest, our thoughts were suddenlie and fearfullie diverted by *Askew* rushing in, exclaiming, "Mistress *Margaret*, extinguish the lights—we "are surrounded by soldiers!" How I lived through that moment I know not! But *Marjorie* quicklie springing up obeyed his order without a signe of fear, and followed him, but there was no time for trembling. — Nov. 11.

As I entered the courtyarde, whither *Marjorie* had gone, I saw her standing in the snowe, surrounded by the men, she saying, "let

Nov. 11. " let each goe and poſſeſs himſelf " of that weapon which he can " uſe beſt, then return here;" for from the ſounde, the great gate appeared the chiefeſt point of attacke. *Marjorie* and *Aſkew* then held brief counſel together, and as the men returned, ſome having lain hold of one weapon, ſome another, but all having firelocks, we heard a battering noiſe begin, and knew they were ſtriving to force in the heavie gate; in a moment our men ſprang on the wall, each behind one of the buttreſſes, then *Aſkew* having leaned over one inſtant to reconnoitre,

connoitre, exclaimed, "*Now* fire!" and each ſtepped forward from cover of the wall, took his aim and fired, immediatelie ſinking back again. Nov. 11.

We heard a terrible loud cry for a moment, and the battering ceaſed; I ſeized the opportunitie to ſay unto *Marjorie*, who ſtood by the ſide of *Blount*, "Oh *Mar-* "*jorie*, let us fly by the poſtern "gate; we can eſcape under cover "of the night."

"Fly, Mother?" exclaimed *Marjorie*, as though ſhe under-ſtood me not, "Fly! never! "Not if my blood extinguiſhes

"the

Nov. 11. "the fire on that hearth which "has been left to me to honour "and defend! Fly! never!" She ſpoke ſomewhat loudlie, and the men hearing, looked round at her, as ſhe ſtood erect in the ſnowe, and a ſimultaneous "hur-"ra!" burſt from them; but I could have wept, had not my attention been attracted, terrified as I was, by hearing *Aſkew* ſay, "The leader enquireth, Miſtreſs "*Margaret*, by whom, and in "whoſe name is this caſtle held?" I confeſs I thought to excite their commiſeration, and ſaid, "Oh *Aſkew*, make replie, 'by

"'two

Nov. 11.

" ' two defenceleſs women; and
" ' entreat them to paſs on their
" ' way in God's name in peace!'"
But *Marjorie* layed her hand on my arm, and ſhewing a piſtol which ſhe held, ſayed, " Not two
" *defenceleſs* women, dear mother:
" ſay unto them, *Aſkew*, that this
" caſtle is held by *it's* maſter and
" *theirs*, in the name of the
" King, and bid them begone
" while they have time!"

I quailed at her boldneſs, and ſhortlie after *for* it, for her valourous meſſage appeared firſt to cauſe ſome conſideration, and then we obſerved them commence quicklie

Nov. 11. quicklie cutting off bundles of twigges in the wood near, which they layed againſt the gate, and whiles one man ran up with his bundle over haſtilie, not taking ſufficient note about him; *Dickorie* prepared aim and ſhot him through the arm, at the which his comrades ruſhed forward, and carried him out of reach; I was ſorelie grieved though he was our foe, and *Marjorie* methinks more ſo, for ſhe ſtepped quicklie up to the man, and ſayed, "Never in cold blood, "*Dick*, never again;" he muttered ſomething about, "the "ſame

Nov. 11.

"ſame for him if he'd the "chance," but ſhe took no note thereof.

The moon had ariſen on the park, ſhewing all glittering, bright and buſie as the day, and I was minded to think ſadlie and tearfullie that perchance we might be cruellie murdered and diſhonoured, within, how few miles! of friends and defenders, when ſurelie how gladſome a ſound was that which greeted mine ear, of the trampling of manie horſe; our beſiegers heard it alſo with leſs joyſome ſeelings, and quicklie mounted, and I venturing

Nov. 11. venturing to look out, ſaw that the moonbeams were ſhining on the colours of an advancing troope, lighting up the bars of azure and gold, and ſparkling on the accoutrements of a rider who had far outſtripped his band; and as he neared the gate revealing to our wearie eyes the face of him we love and truſt, nobleſt and readieſt, "The Gentle *Ge-* "*nille.*" The loud ſhout of thankfulle greeting which burſt from all around (ſhowing that though not ſo loudlie expreſſed at the time, their fears perchance were not ſo much lighter than mine

mine own), being taken up by Sir *Thomas*'s followers, quite dispersed our beforetime terrible foe, and in truth, for me, they might have passed unheeded, but I saw Sir *Thomas* quicklie tell off a certain number to go in pursuit, and I may here mention that which pained me, that a matter of five or six were slain on either side in consequence. But to return to my histoire; little time was loosed in admitting our deliverers; and in short space we were gathered round a blazing fire in the hall, where refreshment, such as 'twas, was spread;

Nov. 11.

Nov. 11. ſpread; but a hungrie man lacketh no ſauce, and ſooth to ſaye, with the knowledge that we had truſtie ſentinels without, and ſo proven a friend within, my cowardice fled, and I paſſed as pleaſant an hour in diſcourſe as hath falled to my lot of late years.

Sir *Thomas* is a generous gentleman, of lovelike diſpoſitions, and methought his face, though thin, worn, and travel-ſoiled, had never looked more noble than when he ſpoke gentlie of him, "whoſe chair was vacant, who "would ſo kindlie have bidden "us welcome. Sure ſo true a friend,

Nov. 11.

"friend, ſo judicious a counſellor, "ſo chriſtian a gentleman ne'er "lived."

Marjorie's tears were falling as he uttered theſe words, and I hurried my child off to reſt, though methought Sir *Thomas* would fain have deſired of us to remain! he evidenced much care that *Marjorie* ſhould in no wiſe ſuffer from the occurrence of the night; and we roſe earlie, though refreſhed, to take benefit of his eſcort home. Of a truth methinks I dare not have eſſayed the road withouten convoy; and he leaved us here after ſome diſcourſe

Nov. 11. courſe with *Marjorie* and *Aſkew* reſpecting our proper care and defence. 'Tis paſſing ſtrange to obſerve how *Marjorie* altereth in the preſence of Sir *Thomas* from a woman back into a child, and I know not which is prettier! Sir *Thomas* payed much attention when ſhe adventured a remark worthie of note, and indeed he vouchſafed ſome comment unto me on our road home, of praiſe reſpecting "that faire and brave "young gentlewoman, Miſtreſs "*Marguerite*."

And ſo have we parted once again, he to goe upon his way with

with our earneſt thanks, and I humblie truſt God's bleſſing. Nov. 11.

Maſter *Fytton* awaited us at the gate, and expreſſed great concern on hearing of our adventure, ſaying, "would that he "had been there *to die* in our "defence." Methought *Marjorie* replied ſomewhat ungraciouſlie,

"But as you were not, Maſter "*Walter*, you needs muſt be "thankfulle to ſee how little we "lacked your care." Sir *Thomas* looked not with his uſual kindlineſs upon the Maſter of the *Downs*; and as was right, *Marjorie*

Nov. 11. *jorie* ſhewed much more of deference unto Sir *Thomas*.

I know not why it occurreth unto me that Maſter *Walter* reliſheth the ſmell of powder as little as myſelf! but enough of this!

Sir *Thomas* goed on his way abroad, and we remained to tread the narrow path of home care and chriſtian courteſie; which is a pleaſant, wholeſome, and beneficial journey when purſued with prayer and diſcretion.

With *Marjorie*'s advice, have made ſhift to write down ſomewhat of a code of laws for dailie obſervance,

obſervance, which mindeth me to tranſcribe ſome things which I have ſeen in a mightie uſefulle booke of mine honoured huſbands, he having copied them from the document which I underſtand is in the hand-writing of his Majeſtie King *Henrie* the Eighth, and contained rules and regulations for his royal houſehold. Some are as follows, but 'tis ſtrange to ſee the luxuries which have creeped in unawares, rendering ſuch wholeſome advice as is herein contained, nighe upon uſeleſs! Nov. 11.

Q EXTRACTE.

Nov. 11.

EXTRACTE.

"No meat beyonde a certaine price ſhall be "ſerved at the Kinge's table."

"All ſervants to furniſh a ſufficient gua- "rantee to provide againſt the ſubtraction of "wooden bowls and copper utenſils belonging "to His Majeſtie."

"Pewter plate being too coſtlie for dailie "uſe, the greateſt care muſt be taken of the "wooden platters and pewter ſpoons."

"No boy or commiſſioner ſhall be kept at "court for the uſe of the ſervants."

"The officers of the Kinge's houſehold to "live in harmonie with each other."

"Between ſix and ſeven of the clock, the "officers charged with the ſervice of the "Kinge's chamber, ſhall light the fire, and "lay

"lay ſtraw in the private apartments of His "Majeſtie; ſtraw and ruſhes in winter, leaves "in ſummer. Nov. 11.

"The ladies of honour to have a piece of "white bread and ſome beef for their break-"faſts.

"A preſent will be made to anie of the "King'es officers marrying; on condition "they make a preſent to His Majeſtie."

Which laſt ſeemeth to me to ſavour of greedineſs in his moſt Chriſtian Majeſtie!

When once the ſtone of deceit is ſet arolling, none can tell when or where 'twill ſtop! And I am fain to judge that if Maſter Dec. 9.

Walter

Dec. 9. *Walter* ſtoopeth to obtain information reſpecting his friends, in covert way, through ſervants, 'tis but juſt puniſhment if he is ofttimes deceived, and reapeth the effect. But I would that Miſtreſs *Pinchett* ſhould reſtrain that tattling tongue of hers!

I was minded to think from the firſt 'twas unwiſe that Maſter *Goodwin* ſhould read poor *Edgar*'s wiſhes in the preſence of ſo many unlettered and ſimple folke, and eſſayed, but in vaine, to have doors cloſed before our concerns ſhould be learned and bruited abroad.

But

But of courſe I was overruled; Dec. 9.
having always been informed by our maſters (ſince *Adam*) that "they know that which is beſt for "us women, and in all things de-"ſire our happineſs" (in ſo far as it tallieth with their own, *no farther;* but this latter is doubtleſs "a mental reſervation," which I truſt will ſerve them who make it, in that day when all ſuch double-facedneſs ſhall be made publick, and when the lip ſhall no longer lie to the eye, or the hand to the heart, but all ſhall be concentered in thoſe two ſimple ſingle-minded words, guiltie or noe).

Therefore

Dec. 9. Therefore Maſter *Goodwin* knowing what was beſt ſo much better than they of nearer intereſt in the caſe, muſt needs read in the hearing of all, the bequeſt of *Alton;* ſo *Marjorie* muſt needs in the hearing of all, raiſe her maidenlie objections; and ſo Miſtreſs *Pinchett* (my woman), in the hearing of anie who will hearken thereto, muſt needs tell her ſillie miſtaken tale of how Miſtreſs *Marjorie* having ſo bravelie refuſed *Alton*, it had lapſed to the Crown, and Miſtreſs *Marjorie* was in nowiſe Miſtreſs thereof—and that 'twas but a miſparlance

Dec. 9.

miſparlance after all, and other ſillie falſetie which I ſee hath reached the ears of Maſter *Walter*. Now I would have had that fooliſh wenche's mouth ſhut; but *Marjorie* ſayeth, "Nay, let things follow their "own courſe, furrowed for them "by heaven." And now, good ſooth! my child's happineſs dependeth perchance on the wagging of that undiſcrete woman's ungovernable tongue!

Yet 'tis impoſſible but Maſter *Walter* loveth *Marjorie!* There is ſomething in her ſweet faire face, which no frown e'er croſſeth, which

Dec. 9. which to look upon is heaven! She improveth everie day, which doubtleſs was the cauſe of Sir *Thomas* gazing upon her ſo long and earneſtlie when here.

'Twill doubtleſs be ſomewhat of a ſhock for Maſter *Fytton*, if he receiveth the information which we opine *Aſkew* lurketh about to give him, and for the which he will doubtleſs, as ordinaire, give his ſilver groat.

But if 'tis proven that he is ſo pitiefulle and mercenarie a clown as to turn from a jewel becauſe he judgeth that it lacketh a ſetting of gold; I fear me that it will

will in ſome degree pain her, for perchance it may ſtrike her as though ſhe were refuſed by Maſter *Walter!* A likelie thing, forſooth, for *Margaret Bracebridge!* Dec. 9.

'Tis done! Truelie Maſter *Walter* hath been tried, and found wanting! and I pray that my child's heart hath not been tried at the ſame time, for 'tis ſaid of old, that "everie diſcoverie of treacherie or deceit, "or a falſe friend unveiled, is an "additional weight to drawe us "to our grave." Dec. 13.

Notwithſtanding I could have laughed

Dec. 13. laughed aloud at ſeeing Maſter *Walter*'s creſtfallen countenance as he talked with *Aſkew*, being joined (by accident, doubtleſs) by Miſtreſs *Pinchett*, tripping paſt with arme fulle of ſtarched lawnes. I being at the lattice of my cloſet, and they within the porch in the courtyard, could not hearken to the converſation, even had I been willing, but yet I ſaw enough without ſtraining ears to catch the words "lapſed to the Crown," or the Maſter of the *Downs* low whiſtle of ſurpriſe, to inform me that the young gentleman had fallen into

into the ſnare ſo unwittinglie prepared for him by *Pinchett*, and *Aſkew*'s babbling ignorance, and I walked into the gallerie, and ſat at my tapeſtrie frame to await his entrance; feeling by no means diſpoſed to give, or take, cordial good-morrow; for, of a truth, *Margaret Bracebridge* hath no need to be indebted to ſo mightie a bribe as *Alton*, to repay Maſter *Fytton* for taking her to wife!

Dec. 13.

When the door opened, and he was uſhered into the chamber, had he been arraigned before a court of juſtice for ſome crime, he could hardlie have appeared more

Dec. 13. more confuſed. Colouring one moment, the ruddie tint diſappearing as faſt as it had come, the next, ſeeming angered the while!

When *Marjorie* entered, the fit increaſed, his voice ſounding diſcordant, his dreſs failing to agree upon him, he kicking the roſes on his ſhoon 'till they were nighe upon looſed!

He ſat in this form perchance an hour or more, converſing ſcantie and diſtrait, but alway regarding *Marjorie* ſtedfaſtlie; and once I marked a tear gathering in 's eye; after the which he ſhewed

ſhewed more ruffled than before, as though the heart which had given its love to *Marjorie*, and the hand which graſped at *Alton*, were at ſore variance, wageing a mightie conflict within his breaſt. But at laſt I bethought me that a covetous nature gained the victorie, leaving him pale and wearie-looking, and he roſe to depart, as though aſhamed of ſomewhat, and in bidding good even unto us, could not meet mine eye; and I will venture to ſay, that though ne'er of a terrible preſence, I looked not my ſofteſt on him then! In taking leave

Dec. 13.

Dec. 13. leave of *Marjorie*, he hesitated a moment, in a fashion which evidenced unto me, that though the heart's love might be trampled down, and nighe upon vanquished, it was not destroyed. *Marjorie* said nought; but we watched him from the casement ride away slowe and dispirited, contrarie to his wont; and withouten comment thereon, she returned to her frame.

When, after pondering on all this for some time, and fearing that her face shewed pale, I said, "Now "all this, my child, is but our own "imaginings, 'tis but as a fiction!"

She

She looked up with ſmiles dimpling her cheek, "True, dear "mother, but we might have "pricked our fingers on real "thorns, in culling the morale "thereof!" Whereupon we both laughed right merrilie. Dec. 13.

It amuſed me much t'other day, to obſerve that Maſter *Fytton* hath his ſpurs made after this device: on either ſide the rowel are the brave words, "A true "Knight am I, anger me and "trye." I would that his head were as true as his heels! I am inclined to agree to Miſtreſs *Genille*'s Dec. 14.

Dec. 14. *Genille*'s hoſpitable propoſition that we paſs ſome time at the *Court* this winter; for truelie after our recent aweſome encounter at *Alton*, I am but little affected toward a loneſome time here, and Sir *Thomas* hath leaved thoſe at the *Court* for the ſafetie of Miſtreſs *Genille*, who will be a comfort unto me this ſeaſon.

Notwithſtanding my contempt for that ſame gay popinjay, Maſter *Walter*, it was an agreeable change unto me to ſee him occaſionallie, to hearken unto the converſe which took place 'twixt him and *Marjorie*, for her wit,

wit, being ſo far greater than his, it appeared as though his fooliſhneſs formed a pedeſtal whereupon ſhe was raiſed; but I fear me this is a mother's vanitie. Yet I would that he ſhould return ſometimes for a diverſion. Dec. 14.

Marjorie occupieth herſelf greatlie in the clothing of our poorer friends and neighbours; for the weather is bitter, and povertie hath a ſharp tooth.

It amuſed me to ſee her enter the gate this morning, with a little child in her arms, having bourne it nighe upon a mile, for the ſake of giving it a wondrous

Dec. 14. big piece of marchpane; then ſallie forth again with baſket upon arm, containing food and clothing for others in the hamlet. And *Marjorie* giveth not *ſternlie*, ſhe taketh as great heed to the pleaſureing of the little ones, as unto their bodilie welfare, and ofttimes intercedeth for the remiſſion of their offences. Sweet *Marjorie!* In theſe things ſhe mindeth me of that which is told concerning the noble Roman Lady *Paula*, who was, "piteous "to them that were ſick, and "comforted them, and ſerved "them right humblie." Moreover,

over, "She was marvellous de- "bonaire, ſhe was oft bye them "that were ſick, and laid their "pillows aright, and in pointe." Methinks ſhe muſt have been like unto my child! Dec. 14.

Maſter *Walter* hath made his appearance here the daye, but altogether of a different preſence to his uſual wont; he is a poor moth which flitteth about the light which he well wotteth may ſinge his gauzie wings. Dec. 15.

'Tis agreeable to my mind to goe to *Genille Court;* and *Marjorie* and I have conſulted together,

Dec. 15. gether, and decided to go thereto this daye week, which alloweth her time to make proviſion for the winter for thoſe remaining here, and in the hamlet. Methinks her face hath brightened at the proſpect, for ſhe loveth the diſcourſe of Miſtreſs *Genille*, though of a truth, ſometime their converſe is ſoe mightie and deep, that it maketh my brain feel overwrought and ſtretched, which is not well for health's ſake; but it harmeth not *Marjorie*, nay, appeareth more of a refreſhment unto her.

Now

Dec. 16.

Now concerning this matter of going to *Genille Court*. I would that our apparel were ſeemlie on ſuch occaſion; and have had manie a word with Miſtreſs *Pinchett* thereon; at which *Marjorie* maketh herſelf right merrie, and *Pinchett*, fooliſh wenche, knoweth not whether to laugh with her, or ſighe with me (ſo that ſhe ſhapeth her ſervile courſe aright). *Marjorie* hath even gone ſo far as to lift from it's reſting-place, in the room once tenanted by *Roger*, a ſtrange booke, entitled, "The *Anatomie* of *Abuſes*, by one Maſter *Philip Stubbes*,"

Dec. 16. *Stubbes*," and hath had the face to read unto me (not in preſence of *Pinchett*), with laughter ſomewhat unſeemlie, theſe rude words, although perchance they are true: " No people are ſo curious in " new fangles, as they of *England* " bee; it is impoſſible to know " who is worſhipfulle; who is a " gentleman, who is not; inas- " much as all are apparelled alike " in ſilks, velvets, ſatins, damaſks, " taffetas, and ſuch like; not- " withſtanding that they bee both " baſe by birthe, meane by eſtate, " and ſervile by calling; which I " count a great confuſion, and " general

" general diſorder, God be merci- Dec. 16.
" full unto us!"

I told *Marjorie* to lay adown ſo ſtrange a booke, and rebuked her ſomewhat theron; but after ſhe had vacated the chamber, I glanced farther, and was ſomewhat ſurpriſed to ſee that a man who feeled the errors of vanitie ſo deeplie, ſhould allow himſelf ſo great licenſe and cenſorioufneſs of ſpeech, as in this, which to ſay truth, it ſhameth me to write; he calleth ſtarche, "the devil's "liquor," (pitie but there were more ſtarche in that which *I* would name "the devil's liquor"), with

Dec. 16. with which they ſtrengthen the large ruffes which Maſter *Phillip* nameth "the pillars of pride," ſaying, "beyond all this they "have a further fetche, nothing "inferior to the reſt, as namelie, "Three or four degrees of minor "ruffes, placed gradatim, one "beneath another, and all be-"neath the maiſter devil ruffe! "Each of them everie way pleated "and creſted full curiouſlie, God "wot." Shame, ſhame, Maſter *Phillip*, charitie, which thou ſo much lackeſt, covereth a multitude of ſins, but methinks 'twould be a new faſhioned cloak to thee!

'Twill

'Twill be meet for *Marjorie* to have a jippercoat, alſo a new petticoat of ſatin, with taffetas ſkirt, ſhe alſo lacketh new white leather gloves—and ſhe ſhall ruſtle it right bravelie, notwithſtanding ſhe careth ſo little! Dec. 16.

Maſter *Fytton* hath aſked permiſſion to enquire of our well-being, when we are departed to *Genille Court*, and for reaſons of mine own, have I acquieſced; the *Downs* are no meane eſtate, though methinks indeed, the heart of Maſter *Walter* is far too ſhallow to bosome ſuch a pearl as Dec. 17.

Dec. 17. as *Margaret Bracebridge;* but enough of this.

'Tis wondrous how much craveth attention, and ſettlement, before leaving home, even for ſo ſhort a diſtance.

It ſometimes marvelleth me to obſerve when one of low degree conceiveth a thought or an idea, how frequentlie it rattleth in the emptie head, like the kernel of a laſt year's nut, and maketh more noiſe than it is worth: I would fain know wherefore *Aſkew* harpeth and carpeth upon *Bridget*'s well-doing in the dairie; his praiſes thereof become weariſome unto mine ear!

Marjorie

Marjorie hath finiſhed a faire and lovelie piece of work, imaging a baſket of fruit and flowers, with Cupid ſleeping in recumbent poſture in the midſt, with cheeks like unto the peaches in the baſket! Methinks Miſtreſs *Genille*, for whom 'tis deſigned, muſt be gratifyed thereat. How loneſome a life the old gentlewoman leadeth! Surelie, 'tis no wonder ſhe craveth the preſence of myſelf and *Marjorie;* and now that Sir *Thomas* is away, 'tis ſo much worſe. She hath ſtrange thoughts, but wholeſome and profitable withal; I ſaid unto her one day in ſerious converſe, Dec. 17.

Dec. 17. converſe, that I feared ſhe muſt ofttimes feel ſo ſtrange and ſadlie deſolate; ſhe makes anſwer, almoſt blithelie, " Not a whit, child, not " a whit; I have ſo long looked " forward without fear to that " lonelie travel through the dark " vallie in the ſhadow, where no " human hand will be permitted " to be claſped in mine; and " where none but his rod and " ſtaff can comfort me; that I " lack no friend on earth, having " Him; and fear no foe here- " after, truſting in Him!" 'Tis a ſtrange but joyſome feeling.

GENILLE

GENILLE COURT.

HOW ſtrange it ſeemeth to be here once more, where nought of material is changed; but ſo manie ſtrange events have come to paſs upon ourſelves, making the intervening time like unto a dreame. Dec. 24.

'Tis far from being as peacefulle here as at the *Grove;* parties coming in frequentlie, bearing news;

Dec. 24. news; and ſometime, wounded men, who, whether they be friend or foe, are alway tended by Miſtreſs *Genille* herſelf, though they are ne'er permitted within the precincts of the *Court*.

So ſtrange a Chriſtmas time is ſad, and preſſeth on my heart, although God wot there was no ſin in merriement, and rejoicing like unto children, at the time when its great founder was a wee babe, cradled in a manger! Still, 'twould be worſe than fooliſh for poor women like unto ourſelves, to anger anie, or do ought likelie to draw down obſervation

ſervation on our heads; therefore peace and prayer are beſt, and can harm none! Dec. 24.

Miſtreſs *Genille* hath manie old and beautiefulle things of paſt days, but I like them not; they ſavour unto me of ſorrow; for truelie 'tis ſad to think how moſt of man's works outlive their mortal makers. The veſſel formed to-day, is perchance on the morrow burniſhed and garniſhed by another; nay, in after years, regarded as ſome old day ornament, and ſo ſet aſide; the very flowers daintilie placed within the cup, having ſprung from the duſt of its

Dec. 24. its mortal artificer: the thought is pain! And 'tis not well to draw ſorrow unneceſſaire; 'tis ſaid by ſome, that the ſpider, that harmleſs little inſect, gathereth poiſon from the ſame flower from the which the bee obtaineth his precious ſtore; I would not imitate the ſpider!

Am minded to tranſcribe the Chriſtmas carol which *Marjorie*'s ſweet voice ſoe often hummeth,

"Babe, who in the manger layed,
Man, who in thy paſſion prayed,
Chriſt, who interceſſion mayed,
Aid and help us nowe.

"Childe,

"Childe, who taught the mother's heart, Dec. 24.
Son, who had the teacher's part,
Chriſt, who healed the ſinner's ſmart,
To thee, the knee we bowe.

"Lord, upon the judgment throne,
God, who reckon'ſt up thine owne,
Thou, who peace canſt grant alone,
Have mercie on us nowe."

For all things would we give Dec. 27.
thanks, but ſometimes it is hard, when we cannot ſee light; but faith teacheth us to give thanks for itſelf, which ſo greatlie lighteneth all our ſorrows.

When gathered round the hearth this eve, converſing on the troubles of the land, we heard much noiſe

Dec. 27.

of a ſudden in the court yard, and Miſtreſs *Genille*'s colour roſe high, as ſhe advanced to the door; *Marjorie* ſpringing forward to prevent her, but 'twas uſeleſs; for ſhe had ſeen that which made her utter a cry of ſorrow and grief; and ere I comprehended aught, Sir *Thomas* entered the apartment ſupported by *Aſkew* and others, to the oaken chair, on the which he ſank down ſenſeleſs, blood oozing through his doublette, and dropping on to the floor.

Miſtreſs *Genille* loſt not a moment in endeavouring, with the

the aſſiſtance of *Marjorie* and *Aſkew*, to ſtanche the blood, tearing off the ſcarfe quicklie, to bind up the wound; ſhe is no mean chirurgeon, and in ſhort time he opened his eyes to ſmile faintlie on her, and drink wine which ſhe poured down his throat; he cannot be moved leſt the bleeding ſhould return, and Miſtreſs *Genille* remaineth up with him this night. Dec. 27.

It appeareth from all accounts that there is no fear of an aſſault on the place; Sir *Thomas*, with *Will* and *Bardolph*, being purſued after the late diſaſtrous fray, but having

Dec. 27. having leaved thoſe wolves behind, they ſucceeded in aſſiſting him home; I fear me that poor *Will* himſelf being no little the ſufferer.

Miſtreſs *Genille* never forgetteth anie, even when tending of Sir *Thomas*. After binding up his wound, ſhe caſt eye upon *Marjorie*, and forced her to drink wine, ſeeing how white and cold ſhe ſtood, the poor child; doubtleſs, feeling faint at the ſight of blood, as I myſelf alway do.

This houſe ſeemeth ſo ſilent, and knowing how precarious a chance our friend hath of recoverie,

coverie, maketh me faine to weep and pray for him. None know to whoſe earneſt faithfulle prayers they owe their well being. Oh Thou, whoſe almightie arm is ſtrong to ſhield as ſtrike, have mercie on him now! Dec. 27.

How ſad a day! Sir *Thomas* ſenſible but at intervals. The fever running higher. 'Tis ſtrange that when unconſcious of all around, he would take nought from anie hand ſave *Marjorie*'s. And although I have aſſiſted Miſtreſs *Genille* in the watching of him, yet aught of light-headed- Dec. 28.

neſs

Dec. 28. neſs doth ſoe overpower, and render me unſteadie of nerve, that I have pleaded this unto Miſtreſs *Genille* as a cauſe which hindereth my uſefulleneſs in this particular caſe, making me of leſs moment than a ſtronger-hearted woman. She ſayeth that *Marjorie* is a mightie gentle-handed, though ſteadie-headed maiden, and all that ſhe needeth. And once it happened that when I eſſayed to give Sir *Thomas* a ſpoonfulle of the brothe that was prepared; he turned his head aſide with ſo diſtreſsfulle a looke, muttering "Daiſie," that I could no

no more, and Miſtreſs *Genille* with a ſad ſmile ſaid, "Come hither, child," and ſoe *Marjorie* gave him as much as was needfulle; his eyes, without anie looke of recognition in them, being fixed the while upon her downcaſt face. And I heard Miſtreſs *Genille* mutter as of old, "Blind, blind," which ſeemed all that was lacking to render me quite downcaſt, and I leaved the chamber to weep. Dec. 28.

The day hath been more cheerfulle in ſome reſpect, for though Sir *Thomas* hath laide in a Dec. 29.

Dec. 29. a ſtupor all the wearie hours from ſunriſe to ſunſet, withouten movement to indicate life, ſave the laboured breathing; yet having been perſuaded by Mistreſs *Genille* to wrap myſelf up in all woolens that I could lay hand on, and taſte the freſh wintrie ayre on the terrace, cheered and invigorated me much; but oh! 'twas depreſſing on my return to enter the ſtill chamber and gaze on the unconſcious face ſharpened and altered by ſickneſs, and white as the pillowe on which it lay ſo ſtill.

When the hour of prayer drew nighe;

nighe; when 'tis our cuſtome to aſſemble in the great hall, *Marjorie* ſaid quietlie, "Let us not "leave him;" and ſoe we all gathered round his bed, ſuch of the domeſtiques as are now here kneeling at the far end of the chamber. I heard more than one ſob from among them, and when we roſe from our knees, poor *Marjorie*'s face was wet with tears. Dec. 29.

A clear, cold, froſtie morning, the wind ſharpe and biting as a *Sheffield* whittle, the day marked by nought ſave the joyeſomeneſs of Jan. 1.

Jan. 1. of Miſtreſs *Genille* pronouncing that Sir *Thomas* is out of peril; for the fever hath leaved him, but weak and helpleſs as a little childe. Now that he is once more conſcious of thoſe about, 'tis unfit for *Marjorie* to tend him; and Miſtreſs *Genille* hath ordered her to accompanie me to the village, giving her ſome errands of charitie to perform as an inducement unto her to remain out; for though when in the houſe ſhe avoideth his chamber, yet is ſhe of a continuance in the gallerie, ſaying, "What "news?" when Miſtreſs *Genille* appeareth;

appeareth; and when aught is needed, the old lady ſayeth that ſhe is alway the readieſt and quickeſt meſſenger: but I would this were over, for of a truth, it harmeth my childe, and there are plentie, without making ſlave of *Marjorie!* Jan. 1.

Our dayes have paſſed ſo monotonous of late in watching and tending, varied but by anxietie, that I have had little or nought to tranſcribe herein; and this firſt daye of the new year, which hath alway been held a feſtivitie, hath appeared more ſad than anie from the very contraſt.

Of

Jan. 8. Of courſe! I might have gueſſed it long ago, if my mind had been turned to ſuch things! and though diſpoſed to think at firſt how great fooles ſome men be, yet on reflection am conſtrained to allow, that perchance each knoweth his own buſineſs beſt. The matter is on this wiſe—*Aſkew* having arrived by eight of the clock, craved ſpeech of *Marjorie*, (I know not wherefore in preference unto myſelf, his miſtreſs,) and after long protracted parlance with her, leaved the chamber with profuſe reverence and thanks.

When

When I enquired of *Marjorie* whether the conference was to be treasured a secret 'twixt herself and *Askew*, she laughed, saying, "Nay, dear mother, for he "hath commissioned me with his "confidence as a message unto "you with all fitting respect— "inasmuch as he craveth your "permission to take *Bridget* unto "himself as wife! and prayeth "that it may be speedielie, 'for "'none knowe on whom the "'Lord's hand may be layed, "'and it is not good for man or "'woman to be alone, especiallie "'in these troublous dayes;' "therefore,

Jan. 8.

Jan. 8. "therefore, dear mother, I ven-
"tured to ſay he might return
"for your anſwer on the morrow,
"judging that 'twill not be un-
"favourable."

After ſome converſe with *Marjorie* on the matter, and ſettling what ſhe and I will give unto *Bridget;* to wit, two new gowns, a grogram and a better for ſabbath dayes, and a cloak of *Coventry* blue; with two gold pieces from *Marjorie*, will make her a riche woman on her marriage-daye. After arranging theſe things and the purchaſe thereof, when *Windam* again cometh his round,

round; I cogitated much, and found myſelf wondering wherefore theſe two people have taken unto each other. With ſome folke there is much in habit, in the perſon one is accuſtomed to ſee about; others are taken with a ſtrange or prettie face; ſome one thing, ſome another; but I know not what *Aſkew* could ſee pleaſureable in *Bridget*, and good lack! I know not what ſhe perceiveth in him! One thing is certain, if ſhe thinketh to *change* her ſtate, ſhe is mightie miſtaken! *Aſkew* hath been maſter far too long to give it

Jan. 8.

Jan. 8. it up now; and if ſhe thinketh to find him aught elſe, methinks ſhe will quicklie diſcover her error! 'Tis not for me to judge anie, but in my poor opinion, Miſtreſs *Bridget* will find that ſhe hath but taken unto herſelf a maſter whoſe ſervice, be it heavie or lighte, death onlie can releaſe her from.

Therefore methinks I underſtand now; and for the firſt time mark the comprehenſion of thoſe words which *Marjorie* once uttered in mine hearing, "Let "us not thoughtleſſlie add ſo "much even as an handfulle of "duſt

"duſt unto the burthen of anie "fellow-pilgrim." Jan. 8.

Marked by the joyſomeneſs of ſeeing Sir *Thomas* able to ſtand, and appear, though like unto a ſhadowe, amongſt us once again. 'Twas ſtrange to note him enter the oaken parlour, (which adjoineth the chamber whereto he was removed,) leaning on Miſtreſs *Genille* and *Will;* he who uſed to be ſo ſtrong and powerfulle of frame! Jan. 12.

The day paſſed in trying to amuſe and divert him, for he chafeth ſore at the thought that

Jan. 12. 'twill be long, long, ere he is able to do aught but lay on the ſettle by the fire, and be tended by the women—and moſt difficult of all is it to guard him from the hearing of ſuch news as is brought into the houſe. He troubleth and broodeth much over the difficulties and dangers wherein this land is now enſhrouded, and ſayeth "although "he feareth not to look death in "the face, yet he doth fear to "look to the end of theſe "things."

Feb. 2 Sickneſs and ſorrowe work their ſilent

ſilent inroads on the faireſt and moſt even temper! And it is grievous to obſerve how irritable Sir *Thomas* becometh, poor gentleman! for there is nought to hinder his reſtoration unto perfect health, but he ſeemeth weaker and thinner daye by daye, able or diſpoſed to do nought but watch the fire, as though he read hiſtories therein; but 'twas greatlie unlike the courteous and "Gentle *Genille*," to ſay unto Miſtreſs *Genille* (as I overheard him to-day when Maſter *Fytton* rode into the yarde,) in ſo wearie and irritable a voice, "For the "ſake

Feb. 2.

Feb. 2. "ſake of all the ſaints to keep "that popinjay of Miſtreſs *Brace-* "*bridge*'s out of his ſighte, for "the very jingle of his ſpurs diſ- "pleaſed him!"

Now I know not wherefore the Maſter of the *Downs* ſhould "be dubbed, "My Popinjay," forſooth! poor Sir *Thomas!*

'Tis ſoe prettie a ſighte to me to obſerve how *Marjorie* ſtriveth to pleaſure and divert him; bringing in all her little arts and winning ways to amuſe the ſick man. She enticeth him to battle her at cheſs, or readeth to him by the hour together from manie of

of his favourite bookes, (though of a truth I would they were all layed aſide, for are not ſuche like diverſions ſinfulle and dangerous?) and ofttimes when the daye cloſeth in, toucheth the lute, and ſingeth in her ſweet lowe voice right pleaſantlie! And although doubtleſs it were better that it were caſt away with bookes and other things, ſtill it having been Sir *Thomas*'s gift from foreign lands long ago, and ſo rightlie ſuited unto her, will make me loath to forbid the uſe thereof. Feb. 2.

And let not anie ſay, ſuche like

Feb. 2. like accompliſhments are vaine and unneceſſäire, until they have noted them uſed as I have; in the pleaſureing of the ſicke; in the lightening of manie a darkſome hour; in the cheering on the wearie road; in the diſperſion of gloomie thoughts; and uſed by one who doeth all things to the glorie of Him who hath ſo greatlie endowed her—no wonder that *Marjorie* ſucceedeth where others fail; no wonder that Sir *Thomas*'s dim eyes brighten when "*Daiſie*," as he hath named her, entereth the room; for truelie it ſeemeth unto

unto me, (but perchance I am foolish on this wise,) that God's blessing resteth in an embodiement of grace upon her browe; and her golden hair when the fire light catcheth it, is liken to the sheen of angels' wings. My faire young daughter *Marguerite!* Feb. 2.

Were it not for the sighte of our sick one's pale face, I would say our days as now they oft-times pass were not unpleasing. Feb. 19.

Sir *Thomas* sayeth 'tis unfit for *Marjorie* to go soe far as the hamlet withouten escort, and hath prayed of her to allow her buisiness

Feb. 19. buiſineſs therein to be tranſacted by deputie: ſhe hath acceded; and now we ſeldom goe further than the pleachen alley or the bowling green; and thanks to theſe long faire terraces with their innumerable flights of ſtone ſteppes and hornbean hedges, much exerciſe can be taken within the walls.

This morn as we ſtood at the caſement, I ſaw *Marjorie*, who walked on the upper terrace, ſuddenlie jump on to the ſteppes at the corner of the wall where the ſun-dial is placed, and after gazing ſtedfaſt for a minute or two,

two, gailie wave her hand; and ſoon after we obſerved Maſter *Fytton*, whom ſhe had been watching, croſs the ford, gallop o'er the meadow, round to the entrance. Feb. 19.

Sir *Thomas* ſeemeth to have conceived great diſtaſte unto the poor youth — for he turned away his head with a deep ſighe, muttering ſomething 'twixt his teeth, which I am minded to think was in nowiſe a bleſſing! 'Tis ofttimes trying unto him that ſince his illneſs he cannot look long at a booke, it cauſing him ſo great pain in the head, and

Feb. 19. and confuſion. Therefore it as uſual falleth to the lot of *Marjorie* to read unto us all, firſt out of Holie Writ, and then ſome profaner matter, ofttimes ſelected by Sir *Thomas;* and I am almoſt ſurpriſed at myſelf for the intereſt excited in me by thoſe with whom I am in no wiſe concerned; as for example, wherefore ſhould my cheek have fluſhed when *Marjorie* read to-day reſpecting that noble one, named "*Bernard* "*Palliſſey*"? and indeed I comprehended not wherefore they (to wit, Miſtreſs *Genille*, Sir *Thomas*, and *Marjorie*,) ſhould have been

ſoe

ſoe abſorbed in ſuch as this: "He "mayed a collection of ſpecimens "concerning natural hiſtorie," (the which I abhore, believing there is alway an unwholeſome ſmell connected therewith,) "and "gave lectures thereon to the "people at ſmall coſt each per-"ſon, ſaying he would return "fourfold ſhould anie he ſayed "be proven falſe," (which was honeſt). "He was the firſt man "who taught the true theorie of "ſprings. Alſo that foſſil ſhells" (which I know not) "are real "ſea-ſhells depoſited by the "waters of the ocean ages agone.

Feb. 19.

"He

Feb. 19. "He recomended the uſe of "marl" (again I wot not) "and "lime in agriculture. He was a "Proteſtant perſecuted in the "time of the *League*, and was "committed to the *Baſtile* by "*Henrie* III., who ſomewhat "was given to favour him," (but this I liked,) "and who ſayed "unto him, that if he did not "abjure his religion, for that "then prevailing, he ſhould be "*conſtrained* to leave him in the "hands of his enemies. Where-"upon *Bernard Palliſſey* replyed, "'Your Majeſtie hath often "'condeſcended to ſaye that "'you

Feb. 19.

" ' you pitie me; for my part, I
" ' pitie you for uttering the un-
" ' kinglie words, " I ſhall be
" ' " conſtrained!" but I tell you
" ' in more royale language, that
" ' nether the *Guiſes*, nor your
" ' whole people, nor yourſelf,
" ' can *conſtrain* me, a poor pot-
" ' ter, to denie my conſcience.' "

Of his religion and his trade, he was wont to ſaye, " I have no " other richeſſes than heaven and " earth." Rich, brave, happie *Bernard Palliſſey!* but I was fain to bowe my head and weep, for he minded me of *Roger!*

Marjorie

Feb. 20. *Marjorie* ſayeth ſtrange things upon occaiſion, though at firſt they may not attract attention, yet ofttimes recur they to mind ſomewhat ſtrangelie!

Now, reſpecting this matter of *Bridget*, fooliſh wench! thinking upon it, I wot not wherefore it entereth my mind that which I heard *Marjorie* and Sir *Thomas* converſing upon, 'tother daye, and I know not wherefore they diſcourſed upon ſuch ſubject; but *Marjorie* ſayed, "it appeared "to her that we had each an "office of duties appointed unto "us relative to our fellows, great

"or

Feb. 20.

" or ſmall, and the manner of dif-
" penſing thereof ſhould be a point
" of conſcience; as though, for
" example, we have an handfulle
" of ſtones, roughe and unhewn,
" given to our charge, being the
" ſeparate burdens of ſome of our
" fellow-labourers here; 'tis in
" our power to beſtow them
" quietlie and with courteſie, ſo
" that the weight thereof may be
" comparativelie but little felt, if
" brotherlie love continue; but if
" contrariewiſe, we rudelie and
" unmannerlie throw them, ſo
" that the poor recipient is bruiſed
" and cut withal; ſurelie *we* have
" added

Feb. 20. "added to *that* which the chaſt-
"ening hand of God hath al-
"readie appointed."

Theſe ſimple words of my child have ſometime recurred to my mind, when (I ſhame to confeſs it) I would fain have withheld courteſie the which I was not conſtrained to ſhew; recogniſing leſs the command of the Almightie, than the ſuppoſed claim of fellow-men!!

Wherefore concerning this unlettered woman; if ſhe hath choſen for herſelf a road hard and wearie to follow—so 'tis in my power to ſmoothe one

inche

inche or ſteppe thereof, the will ſhall not be lacking. Feb. 20.

Miſtreſs *Genille* hath to-day given unto *Marjorie* a faire carkanet of jewels to hang upon her neck. Though indeed I know not when will be found fitting opportunitie for her to wear them! As we were gathered together, the light of the ſetting ſun, bright and angrie looking, but foretelling a fine daye for the morrow, glanced on the precious ſtones of green and red and white, making them glitter and ſparkle as a fire upon the table. Feb. 22.

Feb. 22. Sir *Thomas* obſerving how gay they ſhone, ſayed "'Twas ſtrange, "that man ſhould in all ages "have evidenced ſo great a deſire "for thoſe tranſparent pebbles, "calling them alway 'precious "'ſtones,' and ſetting ſo highe "and imaginarie a value on "them." *Marjorie*, whoſe eyes were fixed on the clouds, now all tipped with red and gold, said, "Is it not perchance the "depravedneſs of that taſte or "love in us, which is right, and "implanted by the Almightie's "grace, the thirſt for light with-"in our ſouls; ſo that 'tis the

"very

"very dregs or earthieneſs of that "which is in itſelf heavenlie, "which ſearcheth for thoſe bits "of light which God hath im-"bedded in darkneſs?" Feb. 22.

I underſtood not what ſhe meaned, but I noted that Sir *Thomas* muttered as unto himſelf, "prettie," and then again his eyes ſought the fire.

Sir *Thomas* gaineth no ſtrength, but the contrairie, and his cough ſoundeth deep and hollow. Me-thinks he hath at laſt acceeded to Miſtreſs *Genille*'s earneſt wiſh, that he ſhould ſeek to obtain His Feb. 24

Feb. 24. His Majeſtie's leave to travel in warmer climes for a ſhort ſpace.

When firſt the ſubject was broached to him, he was more angered than I ſhould have judged poſſible for "the gentle "*Genille*," but to-day methinks he was convinced, ſorelie againſt his will, that 'tis needfulle for him to go; for ſoon after breakfaſt, which now he hardlie maketh pretence of eating, I from the caſement ſaw Maſter *Walter*, (whoſe horſe's hoofs I had the moment before heard enter the court-yard, but made no comment thereon, being aware of Sir *Thomas*'s

Thomas's diſlike unto the young man,) croſs the terrace, and advance to ſpeak to *Marjorie*, who walken thereon; Miſtreſs *Genille* enquired upon whom I beſtowed greeting, for I ſmiled at him as he paſsed, and I replyed "Maſter *Fytton;*" when my attention was ſuddenlie diverted by Sir *Thomas* falling heavilie to the floor in a ſwoon. 'Twas nighe upon half an hour ere he recovered, having unconſciouſlie been indebted to Maſter *Walter* for lifting him on to the oaken ſettle, where he lay for the remainder of the daye.

Feb. 24.

I

Feb. 24. I was thankfulle that *Marjorie* ſaw him not ſoe, for ſhe went from the terrace to ſpeak with *Aſkew*, who had arrived with Maſter *Fytton*, and of whoſe coming he had gone ſtraight to inform her. Therefore, poor Sir *Thomas*, ſeeing how weak and feeble a creature he is, hath conſented to crave permiſſion to travel; he ſeemeth much diſpirited, and in ſpeaking to Miſtreſs *Genille* I heard him ſay, "he believed it was neceſſaire, "for there was neither ſervice to "his king, or glorie to himſelf, "to die like a dog by his own "hearth;"

"hearth;" and ſo I ſuppose he hath given in. Feb. 24.

'Tis certain that if Sir *Thomas* progreſſeth at all, 'tis mightie little! but he hath once or twice eſſayed a lightſomeneſs of ſpeech more akin to his former ſelf. And I am ſometimes minded to think that neither lute or anie other inſtrument of muſick, could utter half ſo prettie ſound as the gurgling merrie laugh which *Marjorie* hath had ſince a child, and which maketh anie ſmile e'en if they be unaware of the cauſe for merriement; as on to- Feb. 25.

day,

Feb. 25. day, when Sir *Thomas* enquired gravelie of her, "Wherefore ſhould "wooll be warm?" which ſets her thinking deeplie, whereupon he makes replie, "Becauſe 'tis formed of double letters," which cauſed that ſillie child to laugh ſo heartilie, that 'twas refreſhment to mine ears.

Feb. 28. Now that 'tis ſettled and His Majeſty's permiſſion having been obtained; and 'tis fixed for Sir *Thomas* to depart from *London*, and commence voyage in a veſſel that ſaileth in ſix weeks from this daye, our hearts die within us!

And

Feb. 28.

And ever ſince it hath been ſo arranged, methinks he hath loſt the little ſtrength which he had gained. He ſeldom ſpeaketh, and his dark wearie eyes travel about the chamber, following after *Marjorie*, and then with that ſame ſad patient look with which he turned from me when ill, ſeek the fire. In theſe diſtreſſes, I am minded to think of the time when in all my troubles, great or ſmall, I ſought my huſband *Roger!* and in all my ſorrows or diſappointments went unto that boſome where I could weep them away, ſure of find-

ing

Feb. 28. ing ſolace and relief in him whom I truſted.

Feb. 29. When that which we have hoped, and nighe upon prayed for, cometh to paſs, it ofttimes ſeemeth that that which ſhould have been all joye, bringeth its owne ſorrowe along with it; the ſun it is which caſteth the ſhadowe of that upon which it ſhineth. In ſooth, I had hardlie ventured to hope for that which is, and which when it dawned upon me firſt, made my heart leap with gladneſs ſo great, that I feared leſt 'twas onlie a dreame, but

but then the ſelfiſh thought of my owne loneliness, gave me ſoe ſharpe a pang, that I was convinced 'twas all realitie. Feb. 29.

On returning ſomewhat fatigued with a briſke walk upon the terrace, and pacing to and fro in the bowling green, the cold wind blowing roughlie on my face the whiles, ſo that I was all of a glowe; I ſat me down to my tapeſtrie work, drawing my chair cloſe to the caſement, in order that I might the better ſee toward the cloſe of afternoon, and ſoe think.—I muſt have yielded too readilie to unuſual ſlumber; for

I

Feb. 29. I ſuddenlie became conſcious of voices at 'tother end of the chamber, and looking up ſaw that 'twas Sir *Thomas* and *Marjorie*, but minded me not to addreſs them as in truth I had nought to ſay; and ne'er conſidered they might be unaware of my preſence, having entered the gallerie after me; and 'tis nowe ſoe uſual for *Marjorie* to read unto Sir *Thomas* (when Miſtreſs *Genille* occupieth herſelf in the ſtill room or elſewhere), that I again took up my needle to purſue my taſk, buſied with my own thoughts of this and that, onlie noticeng how ſad

ſad and pale Sir *Thomas*'s thin face ſhewed, defined in the diſtance by his black curling beard and hair, on the which no beam of *Februarie* ſunſhine could bring warmth or brightneſs, and at the moment I ne'er gave thought to the ſunſhine from within; when *Marjorie* glancing up at him from the page, and ſeeing that he appeared not to hearken to the words, ſpoke, I am minded to think, with the deſire to force him to converſe, and ſoe as it were, oblige him to forſake his gloomie thoughts, ſaying as ſhe cloſed her booke, "'Tis manie

Feb. 29.

a

Feb. 29. " long day, Sir *Thomas*, ſince you
" were pleaſed to relate a ſtorie
" unto me, either of foreign
" travel, or home incident. I
" mind me, when I was here, a
" young child, my greateſt plea-
" ſure and reward for induſtrie
" at aught, uſed to be, when ſit-
" ting in this chamber, with
" ſcarce but the lighte of the
" blazing logs, juſt as now; you
" would ofttimes commence 'it
" 'ſoe happ'ned manie years
" 'agone,'—and would then diſ-
" courſe of things paſſing ſtrange
" and of great intereſt, inaſmuch
" as I call to mind, that that of
which

Feb. 29.

" which you ſpoke, was ne'er a
" thing of the imagination." Sir
Thomas had not uttered a word,
but lay upon the ſettle with his
wearie eyes fixed on the clouds
which drove ſoe quicklie paſt the
little caſement; he now looked
toward her, but to ſay "Reallie!"
" Yes," continued *Marjorie*, with
the evident wiſh to divert him
from his gloomie imagaries, "Yes,
" of a truth it was ſoe, and me-
" thinks, Sir *Thomas*, 'twould now,
" on this eerie-looking afternoon,
" be mightie pleaſant could you,
" without pain, relate unto me
" ſome one of thoſe byegone
" ſtories

Feb. 29.

"ſtories the whiles I ply this idle "wheel."

Sir *Thomas* looked ſadlie at her for a moment, then ſaid, "Is it "ſpeciallie needfulle, Miſtreſs "*Marguerite*, that my hiſtorie ſhall "be of foreign travel, or am I "permitted to chooſe mine own "scene and incident?"

Whereupon *Marjorie* replied, that the pleaſure he had alway afforded her in her earlie dayes, was ſuretie that he was to be truſted in this, "and in all things," added ſhe, with that grave truthfullneſs which is one of her chiefeſt characteriſticks; and drawing her

her wheele a little closer to her, soe that the fire-light rested on her cheek, she smilinglie signified unto him that she was prepared to listen. Feb. 29.

They formed a faire and prettie picture, though Sir *Thomas*'s eyes again sought the blaze, which perchance seemed to shew unto him that of which he dreaminglie discoursed; for 'twas hardlie that which I would term a historie which he recounted, but rather a memorie of his own life and hopes, some won, some lost; and I took not much note thereof, until it appeared unto me that

Feb. 29. 'twas ſomewhat of an allegorie, for I hearkened unto the words, "That when he ſtrove to attain "unto poſſeſſion of the roſe, it's "thorns pierced his hand, while "it withered and fell ſcentleſs in "his graſpe — and nought was "faithfulle or remained with him "ſave this his little bunche of "daiſies," and to my great aſtoniſhment and amaze, he took carefullie from within his doublette, the bunche of daiſies with its faded cherrie-coloured ribbon, given unto him by *Marjorie* ſoe long ago, and preſſing it to his lippes, returned it to his breaſt; then without

without another word, turned once more to gaze upon the fire! Feb. 29.

Marjorie ſtarted when ſhe ſaw the faded flowers, and her hands reſted on her knee, as ſhe ſaid with voice ſomewhat unſteadie: "Is nought faithfulle and true "ſave thoſe flowers, which of "themſelves cannot be other-"wiſe?"

"Nought," replyed Sir *Thomas* ſadlie, "ſave this of which they "mind me; for which cauſe I "thank them; and for the which "they ſhall lie upon my breaſt "when this world's ſtorms and "blaſts have ceaſed to ruffle it.

"They

Feb. 29. "They mind me of you, ſweet
"Miſtreſs *Marguerite*, of you as
"I have ſeen and learned to know
"you; of you, the little inno-
"cent child, and the brave, God-
"fearing woman; of what you
"are, and what you will be.
"And 'tis all the ſunſhine I ſhall
"have to take with me to diſtant
"lands, the memorie of my
"Engliſh home, and the dreame
"of what it might have been.
"And ſoe for this cauſe 'tis, that
"I love my little bunche of faded
"flowers, for they'll mind me of
"that Daiſie faithfulle and true,
"blooming in my native land."

Marjorie

Marjorie ſaid, methought abruptlie, "Sir *Thomas*, will you "give me backe one of thoſe "daiſies?" Feb. 29.

He ſaid, "Wherefore?" She replied ſimplie, "I have nought "wherewith to mind me of you."

Sir *Thomas* once again took out the flowers, and carefullie withdrawing one from the bunche; after he had replaced it in his boſome, ſlowlie advanced, and without a word, offered it to *Marjorie*, who took it, and laying her hand upon his ſleeve to detain him, for he was again turning ſadlie away, ſaid, "Sir *Thomas*, perchance

Feb. 29. " perchance you will forgive my
" boldneſs if I praye you to at-
" tach another reaſon to thoſe
" kindlie ones you have named
" for cheriſhing theſe flowers. I
" know not why," continued
Marjorie, looking earneſtlie at
him, with tears in her eyes: " I
" know not what cauſe you have
" to ſpeak ſoe ſadlie, as one with-
" out hope, but I would aſk you
" to let theſe little faded flowers
" mind you of their kindred, and
" of Him whoſe tender mercie
" toward His creatures was ſoe
" great, that He not onlie gave
" us all things neceſſairie for our
" good;

Feb. 29.

"good; but alſo flowers where-
"with He ornamented and de-
"corated this world for us,
"ſhewing therebye ſuch love,
"that methinks none can looke
"upon a flower, and be hope-
"leſs." As ſhe ſpoke, I ſaw Sir *Thomas*'s dark eyes grow moiſt, and he took her two hands gentlie in his, as he ſaid: "The rea-
"ſon which above all ſaddeneth
"my browe is this, to ſee the
"flower which has ſprung up at
"my foot, blooming and beauti-
"fying, until (no marvel) it
"reached my heart; is nowe
"plucked by another's hand, and
"will

Feb. 29. " will ſhed it's gentle ſunſhine on " my path no more; but leaving " this, for 'tis pain to me, I would " ſay that I could not brook the " ſight of *Marjorie* as the wife of " Maſter *Walter Fytton!* "

Marjorie ſprang up right haſtilie, and with head thrown back, and colour mounting o'er her cheek, exclaimed, " *I* the wife of " Maſter *Walter Fytton!* Never, " Sir *Thomas!* I would not act " unmaidenlie or with diſcourteſie " to anie, and Maſter *Walter* " hath never aſked of me my " hand in marriage, but I would " not that he ſhould! "

Feb. 29.

A change came over Sir *Thomas*'s face, ſuch as I never ſaw, a light and eagerneſs uniting therein, like to glorious ſunriſe, as he exclaimed, " Miſtreſs *Mar-* " *guerite*, your words give me " ſome hope, and I know not " what impels me to this pre- " ſumption; but grant me your " patience, grant me your for- " giveneſs, hearken unto me for " a moment, and oh for God's " ſake, my child, weigh well your " words, ere you drive me from " your preſence a truelie hopeleſs " man! *Marguerite Bracebridge;* " months agone with the wearie

" craving

Feb. 29. "craving of a lonelie heart, I "ſought for one whom I might "call mine own; and having "ſeen the dutie and obedience "tendered by your mother unto "my eſteemed friend, I believed "that ſhe might fill the vacant "ſpace within my heart, and ſoe "content me; wherefore I aſked "of her to be my wife. Thank "God ſhe was faithfulle and true "unto him ſhe had loved, and "would not of my ſuit. But I "have long known 'twas but *a* "*vacant ſpace* ſhe would have "occupied. *Marjorie*, my child, "thou haſt filled my very ſoul!"

'Twas

Feb. 29.

'Twas ſtrange to me to behold *Marjorie* ſtanding ſoe ſlight and erect, yet with cheeks a little paled, oppoſite to him, he gazing as though life hung upon her ſpeech: but her honeſt truth was even then like unto herſelf; for ſhe ſlid her hand into his, and as he murmured, "*Mar-*
"*jorie*, one word?" ſaid ſimplie,
"Sir *Thomas*, I will be your
"wife!" Methinks I never ſaw anything like unto the way in which Sir *Thomas* claſped her in his arms, and bent his dark head down to hers; then without releaſing her from his hold, he laid

one

Feb. 29. one hand upon the little golden head, which indeed neſtled like unto a flower in his boſome, and raiſing his eyes reverentlie to heaven, ſaid aloud: "God, I thank "Thee who haſt given unto Thy "ſervant this bleſſing, all mine "owne on this ſide heaven," then bent his head down to her's again.

Then was my heart filled with joy and gladneſs, but ſince have I weeped bitterlie; for nowe I know that I ſhall loſe my daughter *Marjorie!*

B. B.

THE END.

PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO. NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON.

BOUND BY
BURN
37 & 38
KIRBY ST